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IT is good to be an American when conservative American leaders employ methods of open diplomacy and propose reductions in armament which are positively revolutionary. If Mr. Hughes's naval holiday does not guarantee peace, it is a long step toward it; for under present conditions, large-scale offensive warfare is almost unthinkable, both on physical and psychological grounds, apart from the existence of great navies. A race for naval supremacy between Great Britain, America, and Japan would not only drain the economic life of all three countries but would create the conditions which make it easy to plot new wars. The great hope of lasting peace, we repeat, is to be found in an end of economic and political imperialism, but the desire and capacity thus to reorganize human relations are far more likely to develop during a ten-year naval holiday than during ten years of competitive armament. It is, of course, obvious that Mr. Hughes's initial proposals do not deal with the dread possibilities of aerial and chemical warfare, which is the real menace of the future, but his words have given us reason to hope that he will deal with them as courageously and concretely as he is dealing with the present-day menace of big navies. If the public opinion of mankind can win a victory for a naval holiday it may obtain the other conditions of peace.

IN a certain publishing house in this city the employees had resigned themselves to spending Armistice Day at their respective tasks, for no whisper of a holiday had reached them. On November 10, however, a typewritten announcement affixed to the time clock stated succinctly the cost to this country of battleships, armaments, and other war expenditures as compared with the remaining costs of government, including education, and called attention to the Conference now in session at Washington. A closing paragraph announced the holiday for the morrow, but with the firm's recommendation that it be not entirely spent in idle gaiety but partly in contemplation and study of the present world situation. A small incident, but when the authority of large business concerns is so often exerted in the opposite direction it may be permissible to take comfort in it and to call attention to it.

A NEW YORK newspaper prints a bit of doggerel sung in Al Jolson's popular variety theater at a special Armistice Day matinee. The refrain begins:

> Take away the gun
> From every mother's son.
> We're taught by God above
> To forgive, forget, and love.

Sentimental trash, you say? Well, it was a music-hall ditty that gave the word "jingo" to the English language and fanned the flames of war. It is such doggerel which reveals popular feeling no less than solemn church services or the impressive pomp wherewith the unknown soldier was buried. From the least to the greatest, Armistice Day utterances and ceremonies expressed hatred of war. True, the American Legion in many towns and cities protested that Armistice Day was not the appropriate time for disarmament meetings, and politicians made it plain that they were not pacifists, but these things only emphasized the fact that men remembered the Great War not to celebrate victory but to pray for peace. And this passion for peace in all the Western nations is the ground of man's hope. To it we owe almost miraculous escapes from the flare-up of new European war, the persistence of the Irish peace negotiations, and the Washington Conference so nobly opened by President Harding and Mr. Hughes. Let this popular desire for peace become better informed as to the conditions of its attainment, and the catastrophic menace of new war may forever be averted.

SIR JAMES CRAIG and his cabinet still persist in their attitude: "Let Orangemen rule though the world perish." It is time for a little plain speaking about the Ulster legend. Sir James Craig rules but six of the nine Ulster counties, an area called Carsonia by the Irish. One-third of the population of these counties is Roman Catholic and Sinn Fein and it ought to be added that some of the staunchest Sinn Feiners in Carsonia are Protestants. Protestant strength lies almost wholly in Belfast, which contains the bulk of the inhabitants of the counties of Down and Antrim. The other four counties contain 232,682 Catholics and 232,935 Protestants, Jews, and persons professing no religious faith. Two of these counties, Tyrone and Fermanagh, are already known to be Sinn Fein in sentiment. Were an Irish plebiscite to be held by counties it is possible that Carsonia might shrink to Down and Antrim;

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and by the British Blue Books it can be shown that the average of moral and social well-being is lower rather than higher in this area than in the rest of Ireland. In Belfast, Orangemen have resorted to pogroms and dishonest elections. Today, a Catholic workingman can scarcely be sure of his job and home in that city; yet at the last meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly, the retiring Presbyterian moderator testified that in all the rest of Ireland which he had visited he had found no trace of religious persecution. A genuinely irreconcilable Carsonia ought not to be coerced by force of arms—to this proposition Sinn Fein has generously agreed—but Carsonia ought emphatically to feel the pressure of the moral opinion of the world; American Protestants who have supported their co-religionists in the past should understand the present circumstances and demand that religion be no longer the mask for imperialist intrigue. For behind Orange recalcitrance now as always are the machinations of British imperial and partisan politics.

IF this year's State elections showed anything, they showed a slight drift to the Democratic party. Maryland and Kentucky returned to their former allegiance and the Democrats held control of Virginia by a substantial majority. The lily-white Republicans had been waging a strong campaign against incompetence in the State government, but lost on the issue of white domination, which the Democrats played up especially after President Harding's Birmingham speech. The straight Negro ticket polled 25,000 votes. A significant event in the New York State election was the decisive defeat of the Veterens' Preference Amendment on the essential unsoundness of which we have already commented. Municipal voters were in a sportive mood. In Cleveland, Ohio, at one and the same election they approved a city-manager form of government for the future and elected Mr. Fred Kohler as mayor. This gentleman had been deposed as Chief of Police in 1913 for conduct unbecoming an officer. He made no speeches and had no party behind him, but carried on his campaign by personal interviews and by distributing literature about himself. Buffalo elected an indicted brewer. Youngstown, Ohio, chose as mayor a certain Mr. Oles who had been three months a resident in the city. His electioneering methods were decidedly picturesque. He ran on a platform promising to clean up the city, but that his ideas of reform were not too puritanic is evidenced by the fact that he indorsed spooning in the parks. These gentlemen, like Lew Shanks in Indianapolis, Mayor Hylan in New York, and a number of others, were successful in spite—or was it because?—of general newspaper opposition.

THE "overturn" in North Dakota, heralded by the press generally as "a return to sanity and a repudiation of socialism," appears not as "complete" as the average newspaper reader may have been led to believe. In fact, by majorities estimated at from 4,000 to 6,000, the people rejected the measures proposed by the Nonpartisan League's opponents, the Independent Voters' Association. That program included closing the Bank of North Dakota, cutting down the amount of bonds that could be issued to finance the farmers' industrial enterprises, and depriving the farmers, by so-called "nonpartisan State elections," of the advantage they had gained by their capture, some years ago, of the machinery of the Republican Party. If indeed the Nonpartisan League program is "socialism," then the State has not repudiated socialism. For the program stood like a rock against all assault. If the result is the return of a great State to "sanity," then that sanity consists in electing a State administration which is not of Nonpartisan League complexion to carry out a program which is Nonpartisan Leagueism in essence pure. The new State administration takes office with a mandate to proceed with the program which the people previously had authorized by constitutional amendments and which the legislature had provided for by law.

THE Nonpartisan League is saying that the result is in fact a triumph; that the refusal of the people to depart from the program shows that it has been permanently established. Moreover, the new administration lasts only a few months; the primaries for the regular 1922 election occur next June. The Independent Voters' Association promised in the recent campaign to give the farmers' program a "fair trial." It expected, it is true, to give a "fair trial" to what little was left of the League program after the adoption of the I.V.A. legislative changes, but the people have said that the "fair trial" must be of the whole League program. Can the I.V.A. satisfy the sentiment in favor of the farmers' program? On the other hand, the recall of Governor Frazier and his two associates on the Industrial Commission will have a disheartening effect wherever the League is organizing. And an unfriendly State administration can do much, without appearing to do so, to make it seem that the farmers' program is impossible to achieve. The recall will help the farmers' political movement if it wipes out petty jealousies in the League ranks. Mr. Townley is a young man. His impelling personality, his genius for organizing, his understanding of the particular psychology of the farmer is unquestioned. He has been sent to jail in Minnesota under an absurd State sedition law, but he will be out next February, and he has not been discredited because he attacked war profiteers and predicted some of the things that have come to pass. Any plans for reorganization should, and we think will, include this outstanding leader who founded the movement.

IN an attempt to turn hard times to their own advantage the New York Cloak, Suit, and Skirt Manufacturers' Protective Association promulgated an order restoring piecework in their industry. The result is a strike of 55,000 workers who say that they are striking against the return to sweatshop conditions. And the strikers are right, for the essence of the sweatshop is not its hygienic shortcomings but its continual drive on workers who have no control over the conditions of their labor. Piece-work in the clothing industry, especially in hard times, means the kind of desperate effort which destroys the health of the workers, breaks up fraternity among comrades, and puts autocratic power into the hands of the bosses. Nor is the alternative to piece-work, day labor in which there are no standards of production. The International Ladies Garment Workers had agreed to consider the introduction of such standards; they had appointed a committee to sit with a committee of employers for the purpose of formulating rules, which were to be presented to the employers and the union jointly. Instead of carrying out this agreement the bosses, without consulting any of their employees, promulgated a decree, as if they were dealing once again as in days

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of old with labor without vision of freedom or strength of organization. Even if piece-work were in itself defensible, the union would be justified in striking against such tactics. The garment workers of New York are standard-bearers in the battle of industrial democracy. More power to them!

THAT was a fine statement of Cardinal O'Connell's in a recent pastoral letter, declaring that "until due recognition and help come to the worker from State or employer he will be justified by self-defense in resorting to strikes. It is a natural right of man to give or withhold his labor. It is man's defense against injury and oppression." Increasingly, responsible officials of the Catholic Church have been putting themselves on record in defense of the old-fashioned conceptions of American rights. It is shocking that a Catholic official, Mgr. Dineen, was at least in part responsible for the disgraceful action of the New York police in breaking up Margaret Sanger's meeting to discuss "Birth Control—Is It Moral?" Margaret Sanger is one of the heroes of our day, kin to the elder abolitionists; and Mgr. Dineen was far from the intelligent Catholic spirit of "America," which recognized, as Catholics, so often persecuted, should, that to free speech the "alternative is fraud, plunder, and oppression." Mgr. Dineen's action was in a spirit of medieval bigotry, and showed a very improper relationship between the Catholic hierarchy and the New York police.

IT is probable that Senator Watson's charges as to the execution of American soldiers with or without trial are greatly exaggerated, but it is wholly fortunate that this aspect of army discipline should be brought under investigation. Secretary Weeks has appealed to the American Legion to help answer Mr. Watson's charges. It would have been more to the point had his predecessor, Mr. Baker, given publicity to the circumstances of every execution. Mr. J. W. McConaughy, who was the Government's chief news censor during the war, declares that he repeatedly urged that full publicity be given to executions, but that he was in every case defeated by the General Staff, and this in spite of the fact that the policy of publicity in the case of suicides had checked the enormous crop of rumors which had sprung up on that subject. Whether executions were few or many, it must be remembered that throughout the war the death sentence could be imposed by a three-quarters vote of the court martial. Today, thanks largely to the arguments of Mr. Martin Conboy, formerly director of the draft in New York, and later member of the committee of the American Bar Association on court martial procedure, the army code requires the unanimous vote of all members of the court present when the vote is taken to impose a death sentence. Australia has gone farther and for many years has required that death sentences imposed by courts martial must be confirmed by civil authorities.

THE incurable naivete of the Cubans was never more clearly illustrated than by the proposal of their Secretary of Finance, Mr. Sebastian Gelabert, that the United States conclude a new emergency treaty with Cuba which would give a preferential of 50 per cent on all Cuban products imported into this country and insure the same reduced rate for American exports into Cuba. The joke of this lies in the fact that Congress, through the Emergency Tariff, has just raised the duty on raw sugar from 0.71 cents a pound to 1.16 cents a pound and the tariff on mixed tobacco from $1.85 a pound to $2.35 a pound. Since raw sugar in Cuba has been selling wholesale as low as 1½ cents a pound, the new tariff almost doubles the cost of Cuban sugar to the American consumer. As this was done in the face of protests from many influential bodies it is hard to believe that the voice of the Cuban Secretary of Finance will make itself heard in Congress. Mr. Gelabert may point out that his proposal would immediately decrease the cost of living in America so far as sugar is concerned, but that will not influence Congress. Our embattled sugar and tobacco industries will see to it that there shall be no reduction. Meanwhile the acute industrial and financial crisis in Cuba continues. There is unemployment of a dangerous character and just such a prostration of the chief industry as has heretofore been the occasion of serious unrest and disturbance. And yet the American republic, which insists in keeping Cuba in leading-strings as a ward unable to stand alone, refuses to lend a helping hand where help is needed.

IN contrast to many proofs of the increasing centralization of wealth in the United States comes a census bulletin with cheering indications to the contrary in one respect: that of home ownership. It is reassuring to learn that in the last twenty years there has been no substantial increase in the number of rented homes compared with those owned by their occupants. The proportion of rented homes, which in 1900 was 53.9 per cent, had by 1920 increased only to 54.4 per cent. More surprising still, in 45 of the 68 cities of the country having 100,000 or more inhabitants the percentage of families living in their own homes actually increased. The percentage of families owning their own homes in Baltimore jumped in twenty years from 27.9 to 46.3 and in Philadelphia from 22.1 to 39.5. In Chicago the percentage rose from 25.1 to 27 and in New York from 12.1 to 12.7; in Detroit and Cleveland it fell off slightly. The pleasing condition revealed by the census bulletin is due, no doubt, to the great development of suburban life with its opportunity for homes at relatively small cost.

TOO much oxygen—that is the cause of the Geraldine Farrar-Lou Tellegen matrimonial blow-out, according to a Boston physician. Both are the oxygen type—animated, aggressive, and unyielding. When two oxygens, male and female, or two nitrogens, masculine and feminine, unite in marriage, there is bound to be an explosion in the family laboratory that smashes the glassware and messes the wall-paper. The oxygen man should marry the nitrogen woman, while the oxygen woman should mate with the nitrogen man—and all the usual vice versas. What could be fairer than that? This is said to be the chemist's age. He is going to exterminate us all in the next war, so why should he not mate us all in the present one? Cupid would look as well with a test tube and a bit of litmus paper as with a bow and arrow; to require all applicants for a marriage license to submit to acid and alkali tests proving them to be either ON or NO would be simple, scientific, and slick. But what about the combinations that proved to be O_2N or ON_3? Pending solution of this problem our young people —from eighteen to eighty—will probably go on mating according to the haphazard method of having met each other at Coney Island or eaten griddle cakes on opposite sides of the same table at Childs; and here and there, as now and always, they will make a moderate success of it.

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Anatole France to the People of America

ANATOLE FRANCE, who is a contributing editor of *The Nation*, sends us from his home, La Bêchellerie, near Tours, the following appeal to America to save Sacco and Vanzetti:

La Bêchellerie, 31 Octobre

PEUPLES des Etats Unis d'Amérique, écoutez les paroles d'un vieillard de l'ancien monde, qui ne vous est pas étranger, car il est concitoyen de tous les hommes.

Dans un de vos états, deux hommes, Sacco et Vanzetti, ont été condamnés pour un crime d'opinion.

Cela fait horreur à penser que des êtres humains payent de leur vie l'exercice du droit le plus sacré, du droit que nous devons tous défendre, à quelque parti que nous appartenions.

Ne laissez pas exécuter cette sentence inique entre toutes.

La mort de Sacco et de Vanzetti ferait d'eux des martyrs, et vous couvrirait tous d'opprobre.

Vous êtes un grand peuple; vous devez être un peuple juste. Il y a parmi vous, en foule, des hommes d'intelligence et de pensée. C'est à eux que je m'adresse de préférence. Je leur dis: Craignez de faire des martyrs. C'est le forfait impardonnable, que rien n'efface et qui pèse sans fin sur les générations.

Sauvez Sacco et Vanzetti.

Sauvez les pour votre honneur, pour l'honneur de vos enfants et de toutes les générations qui sortiront de vous.

TRANSLATION

La Bêchellerie, October 31

PEOPLE of the United States of America, hearken to the words of an old man of the Old World, who is not alien to you, for he is a fellow-citizen of all men.

In one of your States, two men, Sacco and Vanzetti, have been condemned for a crime of opinion.

It is horrible to think that human beings should pay with their lives for the exercise of that most sacred right, the right which we ought all to defend, to whatever party we may belong.

Do not let this most iniquitous of sentences be carried out.

The death of Sacco and of Vanzetti would make martyrs of them, and would cover all of you with shame.

You are a great people; you ought to be a just people. There are among you plenty of men of intelligence, men who think. It is to them that I prefer to appeal. I say to them: Fear to make martyrs. It is the unpardonable crime, which nothing can obliterate and which weighs upon generation after generation.

Save Sacco and Vanzetti.

Save them for your honor, for the honor of your children and of all the generations yet unborn.

The Truth About Vera Cruz

OUT of the dross of Mr. Tumulty's undiscriminating and much-jumbled laudation of his chief, now appearing as a serial in the New York *Times*, there is occasionally to be snatched a nugget of pure gold. One of these is his account of the way the Vera Cruz adventure of April, 1914, was undertaken. We have rarely seen so illuminating an account of the way governmental minds work, and far-reaching decisions involving life and death for multitudes are arrived at.

It was at 2:30 o'clock on the morning of April 21, 1914, that William J. Bryan, Secretary of State, aroused Mr. Tumulty from his sleep to inform him of the news that the German steamship Ypiranga, carrying arms and ammunition, would arrive at Vera Cruz at ten o'clock that morning and that in Mr. Bryan's opinion "drastic measures should at once be taken to prevent the delivery of these munitions to the Custom House at Vera Cruz." Soon Mr. Daniels and the President, likewise awakened out of their sleep, were also reached by telephone and a general conversation ensued. The President, Mr. Tumulty reports, said: "Of course, Mr. Bryan, you understand what drastic action in this matter might ultimately mean in our relations with Mexico?" Mr. Bryan said that he had fully considered this. Mr. Daniels, on being asked, agreed with Mr. Bryan that immediate action should be taken to prevent the German ship's landing her cargo. "Without a moment's delay," Mr. Tumulty proceeds, "the President said to Mr. Daniels: 'Daniels, send this message to Admiral Mayo: 'Take Vera Cruz at once!'" To this Mr. Tumulty adds the following "sob-stuff":

> As I sat at the phone on this fateful morning, away from the hurly-burly world outside, clad only in my pajamas, and listened to this discussion, the tenseness of the whole situation and its grave possibilities of war with all its tragedy gripped me. Here were three men quietly gathered about a phone, pacifists at heart, men who had been criticized and lampooned throughout the whole country as being too proud to fight, now without hesitation of any kind agreeing on a course of action that might result in bringing two nations to war. They were pacifists no longer, but plain, simple men, bent upon discharging the duty they owed their country and utterly disregarding their own personal feelings of antagonism to every phase of war.

With his feelings thus relieved, Mr. Tumulty resumes his narrative as follows:

> After Mr. Bryan and Mr. Daniels had left the telephone, the President said: "Tumulty, are you there? What did you think of my message?" I replied that there was nothing else to do under the circumstances. He then said: "It is too bad, isn't it? But we could not allow that cargo to land. The Mexicans intend using those guns upon our own boys. It is hard to take action of this kind. I have tried to keep out of this Mexican mess, but we are now on the brink of war and there is no alternative."

All of which is touching, indeed, even if it is obvious that Mr. Tumulty is unable to see what a deadly blow he has dealt to the sincerity of the beliefs of these three "pacifists" who were so ready to abandon their principles, just as he forgets that it was *much later*, in 1915—after the war began—that his heroes were attacked as being "too proud to fight." But Mr. Tumulty does not complete the picture. He fails to record several facts that belong to it. He forgets to tell his readers that at that very moment, the embargo on our own supplies having been lifted, *our American*

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arms and ammunition were flowing quite freely over the border to be used, if the Mexicans willed, "against our own boys," and that, therefore, a cargo more or less made no difference. He neglects also to point out that we, being at war with neither Germany (this was before the World War began) nor Mexico, were by this action deliberately violating international law.

Finally, Mr. Tumulty forgets to tell us that as a result of that 2:30 a. m. order more than four hundred *men, women, and children* were slaughtered by the decision of these "pacifists." Most of the male victims were boy naval cadets between the ages of 12 and 16. *The Nation* has the word of an American naval officer present at the time that it was as brutal a slaughter as ever disgraced our flag—all because the President assumed that the Ypiranga's cargo was to be used against us. In the language of the street our three distinguished pacifists, aided and abetted by Mr. Tumulty, "beat them to it" and we did the murdering ourselves. And, of course, Mr. Tumulty forgets to add that after occupying Vera Cruz for some time and wasting many millions of dollars we moved out again, leaving behind us a feeling of bitter anger and dislike. Mexico has not forgotten her Vera Cruz cadets blown to bits by 12-inch guns.

We do not set forth these facts to rake up old scores or to castigate men who are dead politically, but simply because they present so perfect a picture of what public office does to well-meaning men; how kindly good-natured pajama'd people at 2:30 of a morning are so drugged and demoralized by the overwhelming responsibility we place in their hands as to be willing to plunge two countries into war to head off a cargo of ammunition upon the plea—in this case shown, by what happened, to be false—that there was "no alternative." How officials the world over can be trusted with power and not be permitted to abuse it is one of the greatest problems of human government. For one thing we, the people, must take their arms away. Wilson, Tumulty, Daniels, and Bryan would have found an alternative had they had only our five wooden warships of 1889 at their uncontrolled command instead of a magnificent array of modern battleships.

Why Hylan?

NOT because New York is "corrupt and contented", not because Tammany is almighty, not for several other reasons sagely recorded by editorial writers the country over. Mr. Hylan was elected by the vote of two out of every three New Yorkers because, as the telephone girl in the Grand Central station told the man from up-State, "Curran was the business man's candidate, so the people were for Hylan." To put it more precisely the electorate felt that they had to choose between an ordinary fellow, honest as politicians go—the New Yorker is a cynic about political honesty—who might often reward his personal or political friends with public office but who fought the "interests", and the candidate of big business, of meddlesome up-State Republican politicians, and of a vaguely defined group of reformers who might try to regulate individual conduct to an intolerable degree. This popular conception was not altogether accurate but it contained much truth.

Mr. Hylan is a bit of an accident—Hearst's man rather than Murphy's. A dozen others might have filled the bill. Mr. Hearst alone believes—or says—that he is particularly able; as a matter of fact he is decidedly incompetent. He is rather pathetically conscious of his "lack of education and scientific culture" but at the same time willing to exploit it to win popular sympathy. He worked up from the ranks, has a kind heart, and no offensive superiority. While he has no true conception of civil liberty, as he proved in his interview with the committee who protested against the treatment of the unemployed at the time of the Ledoux meetings, nevertheless, partly out of good nature, and partly out of true political sense, he has recognized men of all races as citizens of New York, welcomed distinguished visitors impartially, sent a committee to greet the first German boat to come into harbor after the war, and protected meetings of German-Americans, Irish-Americans, and even radicals when certain English-Americans and all hundred percenters would have forbidden them utterly. His administration has been free from particularly flagrant and spectacular vice or scandal. It had the backing of the Hearst press, of many influential foreign language papers, and of that kindly if corrupt organization, Tammany Hall.

Even so the mayor's own lack of competence and personality might have made him vulnerable at the polls were it not for the aid extended him by Governor Miller and the Republican ring. Mr. Miller is by profession a corporation lawyer, by inclination a reactionary. He was barely carried into office on the great Harding wave. In office he and his up-State friends defeated social legislation and passed the infamous Lusk bills. Not content with this they flagrantly violated every principle of home rule by enacting a law which took power over its own transit lines entirely out of the hands of the city. This legislation was undoubtedly favored by the traction interests who for years robbed the city on a scale that makes Tammany graft look like petty larceny. The moment of the passage of the transit act was the real moment of Hylan's re-election, as *The Nation* prophesied in its issue of May 25. Then, to re-assure a Hylan majority, the Republican legislature appointed an investigating committee, one of whose members was the "silver-chested" Senator Lusk and whose counsel was that up-State tory, Elon Brown, to conduct a palpably partisan inquiry into city affairs. In such a situation the Republican-Independent-Democrat Coalition knew it had no chance. It nominated a gentleman of mediocre ability with a creditable record in the army and in public office. It brought out from a kindly obscurity that arch-example of a discredited reformer, William Travers Jerome, and waged a lackadaisical campaign, supported by the great newspapers which the masses have come to distrust profoundly. The vast crowd of Hylan voters probably acted under the influence of a rather vague class consciousness. They were not, to be sure, ready for conscious radicalism, and the bitter factionalism which divided Socialists and Communists and Farmer-Laborites cost the Socialists the seats they had held in the Assembly and in the Board of Aldermen. But the masses have gone far enough in class consciousness to make an end of talk of reform from groups which, whatever the merits of certain individuals among them, somehow always ally themselves with special privilege. Workers who have seen through the respectable mask which privilege sometimes wears may come to see that the friendliness of Hearst and of Tammany Hall is also in its own way a mask for exploiters. When this happens, the changes they seek will be fundamentally economic rather than political.

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The Franco-German Alliance

VOICES are raised once more urging that the United States and Great Britain guarantee, by a military alliance, the security of France. They tell us that if France is unreasonable in her demands for economic, political, and territorial guaranties, in her insistence upon the letter of her reparations bond, and in her wide-reaching political schemes in Eastern Europe, it is because she feels herself isolated and unsafe, and that the assurance of Anglo-American aid in time of need would soften her rancor and cut out the root of her imperialism.

We think such advocates poor friends to France and worse to Europe. We think their diagnosis of French psychology superficial, and their remedy likely only to aggravate the disease. For we believe that at heart the French phobia is, like the problem of the restoration of Europe, not military but economic. The boulevard press of Paris still prints occasional scare stories of secret German armament, but they are less and less frequent, and not at all believed in important circles. M. Briand recently had the courage, unprecedented in a post-war French Premier, to stand up in the French Chamber and tell his critics that such stories were nonsense and an insult to the intelligence of the Inter-Allied Commission of Control. The real French fear, which has made French ministers so implacable in the guard on the Rhine and about Upper Silesia and so eager for invasion of the Ruhr, is the fear of Germany's economic superiority. It is not a new fear. It antedates the war; and military alliance could only aggravate its embittering effect.

In 1870 France and Germany had approximately equal populations, and apparently equal industrial positions. Then came the Franco-Prussian War, and the German victory. In the forty years intervening between that war and the World War, French population remained stationary while German increased 70 per cent, and while French industry made slow if steady progress German industry passed through the astounding period of expansion which was paralleled only in America. The facts that Germany had begun to develop the use of steam power in her industry even before the Franco-Prussian War, and that her great *Aufschwung* occurred not in the period when France was paying the indemnity—and despite that holding her ground economically—but in the later eighties and the nineties, have never penetrated the French popular psychology. German prosperity followed German military victory. *Post hoc ergo propter hoc.* It was the Great Illusion: that victory was the cause of German prosperity. There is deep rooted in the French mind a tenacious conviction that Germany's economic advantage in the decades preceding the Great War was due to her victory in 1870; and the false corollary from a false premise was and is that a French victory should give France a similar economic advantage. Instead, the complex after-effects of the war and the peace, driving German exchange far below French, give German products the advantage in the foreign market, and keep the German factories working night and day while French factories are idle. Other factors—destruction in northern France (the importance of which is easily and often exaggerated), and the fact that French industry was largely luxury production, less needed in a period of international crisis—have contributed to the same effect. The frustrated French statesman becomes angry, as frustrated men do, and looks to political and military solutions, as is the wont of statesmen trained in the superficial school of traditional politics.

Hitherto France's allies—and liberals in general—have followed two courses. Most of the time they have sought to restrain France in her anger against Germany, acting as a sort of buffer between the two countries; yet they have supported France at the dramatic moments of her collisions with Germany. England has consistently played the role of mediator at relatively calm moments; but at critical junctures she has fallen in with France. The Silesian case is typical. It is universally believed in Berlin that the Lloyd George Government gave the Wirth Government definite assurance that if it would accept the Allied ultimatum regarding reparations last May, Britain would see that Upper Silesia went to Germany. Wirth accepted the ultimatum, and he has done his best to fulfil it, well-nigh ruining the German state finances in the process; but Upper Silesia was settled by a compromise which looks well enough on the map but which really gives the lead and the zinc, and almost all the undeveloped coal, to Poland. Britain's moderating influence availed little in the result; Germany lost the most precious part of Upper Silesia, and France remained as bitter and untaught as before.

Recently reparations policy has taken a new and significant turn. Abandoning the unsatisfactory method of Allied conference, which in effect amounted to British mediation between France and Germany, the French Minister of the Liberated Regions, M. Loucheur, undertook direct negotiations with the German Minister of Reconstruction, Walter Rathenau. The resultant agreements for the payment of reparations in kind, while attacked by many French industrials and by some intense German Nationalists, and protested by the British Government, give the first promise of real solution of the Franco-German problem since the armistice. We do not praise them unreservedly and in detail; but the method is right and is sure to be developed.

France cannot expect to emerge from the world calamity fortified or even upon an economic parity with Germany as before 1870, but she can work toward a natural continental commercial alliance, such as was slowly working itself out before the war. Therein lies her economic salvation. Anything which throws France into direct contact with Germany will help toward that end. Demands for payment in gold have forced Germany to issue paper marks and sell them until the mark has declined since the signing of the May ultimatum from one and two-thirds to one-third of a cent. That way lies disaster. Payment in kind becomes a problem internally soluble in Germany. Whatever tends toward French partnership in German industry, interesting France directly in German industrial health, tends toward European peace. Military alliances and political guaranties, diverting attention from the essential, can only hinder. The net effect of British mediation to date has been to embitter France against both Britain and Germany, and to keep her from understanding Germany. All unconsciously America has by its Hands-Off policy contributed in a very real sense to the peace of Europe. Signs are not wanting that the germ of Franco-German alliance has taken root—witness not only the Loucheur-Rathenau agreements but M. Briand's frank attacks upon M. Tardieu in the Chamber. That way lies peace.

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The Great Beginning

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Washington, November 14

NOT in modern times has there been so clear-cut, so astounding, and so brilliant a feat in statecraft as marked Mr. Hughes's opening of the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments in Washington on November 12. It met in an atmosphere of doubt and pessimism; the feeling was that we were in for months of debate, discussion, intrigue behind closed doors, and silent but compelling pressure from the great imperialistic and financial forces in the world, with probably, at the end, as many of the English journalists openly prophesied, a complete fiasco. It was to be Versailles over again. America was particularly at fault because she had no clear-cut program to offer; so the talk was all about the Japanese-British alliance, the fortifying of Guam, and the fate of China. And then—the Conference met, Mr. Hughes spoke, and in the twinkling of an eye the Washington world turned upside down. Or rather, to change the metaphor, Mr. Hughes cleared the decks by one superb gesture, brushed away all side issues, made the Conference and all the spectators realize that the great issue was *immediate* limitation of armaments, and presented so concrete and so far-reaching a proposal, in so straightforward, business-like, and impressive a way as to daze the delegates. The most experienced journalists present could not believe their ears.

Never was a secret so well kept. Not a single correspondent had a real inkling of Mr. Hughes's *coup*. No press association had had even a suggestion that so radical, far-reaching a proposal would be forthcoming the first day. So it came with all the force of a sudden and unexpected shock. Everybody believed that the first session would be entirely uneventful, the usual polite, palavering speeches of welcome and assurances of profound esteem, while keen and bright knives were kept up diplomatic sleeves, with an adjournment to the following week for a second meeting, at which committees would doubtless be appointed and the work leisurely begun. Not even when Mr. Hughes said, "The time has come, and this Conference has been called not for general resolutions or mutual advice, but for *action*," was there expectation of anything out of the ordinary. Mr. Hughes then at once put the ball into play. I could only think of a quarterback in the early football days starting a play before his opponents had really taken their places, in the hope of catching them napping.

Was there ever such a violation of all precedent in international conferring? Why, the Secretary of State was all but brusque in the way he tipped the Conference off that it was there not to eat and gossip and be merry, but to accomplish something quickly and go home. It was done in the manner in which our great financiers are supposed by the *Saturday Evening Post* to transact vast business in short order over glass-topped desks, and Mr. Hughes did it with a self-possession, a note of authority, a dignity of presence and presentation as if he had been doing that sort of thing every day in his life. It made one prouder than ever to be an American to see Mr. Hughes take control of that Conference, justify Mr. Balfour's praise of him as the man particularly fitted to be its presiding officer, and by the vigor and the character of his proposals make the United States not merely the dignified host of the gathering, but, in the best sense, its dominating, shaping force. Not, of course, on a platform far-reaching enough for *The Nation* and those who feel that this is the time to muster out the last private and last major-general and the last sailor and last rear-admiral, but so unexpectedly far-reaching when originating in hide-bound, conservative, imperialistic, official circles that pacifists and moderate preparedness advocates alike went out of the hall walking on air. One felt like flashing everywhere in the world one of those familiar war-time bulletins: "Our forces have clearly obtained a moral superiority over the enemy." Such is the inevitable result when statesmen cut loose from dry officialism and conventionality and take high and advanced ground; but it was all so unusual that some of the foreign correspondents and delegates are still wandering about, as I write, in a perfect daze, unable to take it all in.

Yet it was not Mr. Hughes alone who achieved all of the success of the day. Mr. Harding began the proceedings in just the right note, speaking with an earnestness and a warmth of manner and tone which convinced every one that his heart was in the Conference. Certainly no one could have delivered these words more impressively:

> Here in the United States we are but freshly turned from the burial of an unknown American soldier, when a nation sorrowed while paying him tribute. Whether it was spoken or not, a hundred millions of our people were summarizing the inexcusable cause, the incalculable cost, the unspeakable sacrifices, and the unutterable sorrows, and there was the ever-impelling question: How can humanity justify or God forgive? Human hate demands no such toll; ambition and greed must be denied it. If misunderstanding must take the blame, then let us banish it, and let understanding rule and make good-will regnant everywhere.

And every time that Mr. Harding touched on the subject of disarmament applause broke forth as it did later in redoubled measure when Mr. Hughes made his points—once I saw John J. Pershing the first on his feet to applaud a sentiment which if logically followed through would render his profession as supernumerary as the Beef-Eaters in the Tower of London.

Indeed, the audience played its part too. My mind went back steadily to the first session of that devastating Conference for Peace at Versailles. This Washington Conference is a thousand miles ahead of it! In Paris there were gathered the diplomats and generals who had done their share to plunge Europe into war and, having plunged it into hell, did not know how to extricate it until civilization faced complete disaster; then, being finally saved from themselves as well as from their enemies, knew not how to rebuild a world in ruins. I could clearly see again that room in the Quai d'Orsay in which nobody was allowed to sit unless a diplomat or a commissioner or a general—not even a humble representative of the *poilus* who died by the hundred thousand at the behest of these rulers of men who were themselves but puppets of international *haute finance;* no woman, of course, no spokesmen for millions of people to be given away to one Power or another, no representative of Russia or the beaten enemy. As onlookers only a group of newspapermen standing in an adjoining room and staring in

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upon a gathering dominated by formalism and imbued with hate and bitterness, without a single Christian thought or mood. Thank Heaven something of the freedom and freshness of America as well as the unconventionality of Mr. Hughes marks this Washington Conference. True, though the Unknown Soldier had been buried the day before, there were no privates of our army or navy permitted as spectators in the hall to represent the glorious dead or the living plain people who want to banish the uniform forever. But some representatives of the workers were there and many women, and the balconies were filled with people who lived and breathed, who responded to sentiment, who did not hesitate to charge the atmosphere with their own emotions, to applaud and to cheer, to let the conferees know where they stood, and that there were human hearts there and not merely the cold, austere automata of diplomacy.

Once more one blessed the House and Senate, for their members, crowded into one balcony, made it clear from the start that neither Mr. Harding, nor Mr. Hughes could go too far for them. The very men who have been voting billions for weapons with which to kill were cheering far-reaching proposals for disarmament with an enthusiasm to make one believe that they may go even further than Mr. Hughes when the next appropriation bills come in. More than that, when Mr. Hughes sought to adjourn the meeting, they took it out of his hands, insisting on the right to hear and applaud Briand and the leader of every other delegation. Therein, too, the morning was unlike any session of any similar conference. "Why, it was a regular political meeting. The delegates know now what a Democratic or Republican Convention looks like," said one English writer. But it was far more than that—it was the most powerful legislature in the world placing itself squarely behind the Executive in vociferous support of a splendid Yes, "a world-impressive proposal," as the New York *Herald* calls it. It was a demonstration without a trace of partisanship—a bit of "politics" that was quite content to have Mr. Hughes propose as an evidence of good faith to scrap more of our tonnage than anybody else's, throw away $332,000,000 spent upon ships now building.

Practical politics it unquestionably was—the best kind, and it will reap the reward which invariably follows upon a high-minded and wise and courageous act. As I heard it I found myself saying: "This probably saves the House next fall for the Republicans," but there was nothing in anything that Mr. Hughes said or did to suggest a political motive. Yet it is plain that his proposals constitute the highest form of political strategy, for if the attempt to limit arms fails Mr. Hughes and Mr. Harding can go before the country and say without fear of denial that they are not responsible; that they gave a lead which the others must have followed had they sincerely desired to relieve the world of part of the burdens that are crushing it.

Accept it at once, in principle, I believe they will. The Englishmen I have seen since, even the most jingo of them, say there is no other alternative. Angry and annoyed most of them are, for they are still thinking in terms of control in the Far East, of the old balance of power in Europe, of their "Britannia Rules the Waves." Curiously enough, they feel that we have been guilty of very bad manners, that we have lured them into our parlor as the spider did the fly, and then put them in a hole and done it publicly. The public avowal of Mr. Hughes's plan is what has stunned the French most. Apparently the English feel that there should have been only a mild cut. They say we could muster out every ship and soldier and still be safe, but that they live in the *Realpolitik* of Europe. "You have asked us to give up our controlling place upon the sea, but you leave the French army untouched, leave her free to dominate Europe, to impose her will upon the Rhine." To which my reply is: "Wait, wait. Mr. Hughes has only dealt the first hand. Limitation of land armaments comes third. No one knows what his plans are; but if he begins with such a stunning proposal at the outset, is he not likely to have something to say under Number Three when he reaches it?" At any rate, it is perfectly plain that when M. Briand speaks of Mr. Hughes's plan as "American diplomacy," he does so with the feeling that we are once more the bull in the old-fashioned diplomatic china shop. Here in this assemblage of distinguished foreigners it is once more clear what every returning traveler reports, that we Americans are coming everywhere to be dreaded as the most powerful, the richest, and the most dangerous of imperialistic nations. If we save the world from the burden of armaments we shall be no better beloved than the proverbial peace-maker.

For the moment that can be overlooked in the glory of Saturday's achievement. We have set up a standard for all sincere men to repair to and it will seem so reasonable and sensible, so generous and wise to the plain people everywhere and particularly in America that the diplomats must come to it. Let the public compel it even if there are those here to say that it will be a lynching or stampeding of our "guests" to exert great popular pressure. Let Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes be buried under an avalanche of congratulations coupled with the demand that we go on with the policy in the matter of land armaments! Some wriggling we shall see. The British say that our proposal is unfair because it does not allow sufficiently for the age of ships and size of guns. To this the sufficient answer is that these are trifling items where the safety of the world is at stake; that if these details are to be wrangled over, then there is no real devotion to disarmament on the part of the dissenters; then they are here to maneuver once more for place and advantage in the good old outworn way without regard to the real interests of humanity or to the treasuries of the several countries now so heavily in our debt. The state of the British Exchequer and Lloyd George's fervent description of this Conference as the one "rainbow of hope" in the heavens will make for acceptance of our proposals. But there is a serious prospect that the English, and later the French, will come back with the demand that if they accept Mr. Hughes's plans we join in guaranties of one kind and another. The English frankly feel that we are selfish to ask them to do our wish and then to take no responsibility for the situation thus created. On both sides of the Atlantic we shall see fresh drives to put us into the League of Nations, which in its present form we must not enter, disarmament or no disarmament. At the cost of seeming ungrateful and unwilling to do our share later, we must give no guaranties of the kind we shall be asked to agree to and enter no entangling alliances. What ought to happen at the very next session of the Conference (Tuesday, November 15) should be the rising of Mr. Balfour to accept the proposal at least in principle on behalf of Mr. Lloyd George's Government, at which Mr. Briand ought to second the motion by officially declaring that the French Government will for ten years voluntarily abandon the building of all capital ships although France

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is not included in the Hughes plan. This should be easy for him to do because his Government has already abandoned battleship building and because, however great may be the German menace to France on land, that on sea is ended; there is no German navy left and none can be built on the sly. If France and England can do this Japan will follow suit; she would be ashamed not to.

How otherwise will Japan take it? Well, Americans ought to understand that Japanese politics turn largely on the rivalry of the Satsuma and Choshu clans, the former of which controls the navy and the latter the army. The Satsuma will only yield reluctantly under overwhelming pressure and so will Japanese big business which will be slow to accept the ending of all government work in the shipyards. The next few days will show several things: for instance, whether the Japanese Government will permit the publication in full in Japan of Mr. Hughes's speech without connotations and how soon. Then we shall see whether the merits of the case are to be obscured by the raising of some issue like the question of our fortifications or possible fortifications at Guam, at Corregidor, and in Hawaii. Somehow or other, however, it is impossible for me to believe that the Japanese will play in this Conference the stupid role of the Germans at the Hague.

In jubilating thus over what Mr. Hughes actually achieved by his sensational stroke, no one will, of course, be misled into believing that the millennium is at hand. Those who oppose all weapons on spiritual, ethical, and Christian grounds, who care not a fig for balances of power and other militarist excuses, are enlisted in the fight to the end; they will not be rendered harmless by Mr. Hughes's proposal, heartening and electrifying as it is. The true and faithful advocates of disarmament who base their case on principle and were never misled by the preparedness mania of four years ago, or Mr. Wilson's foolish belief that war could be ended and the world redeemed by "force without stint," are in the position of those who expected only a few crumbs and suddenly find themselves offered a whole plateful of bountiful food. For everything that we shall receive we shall be grateful profoundly—but the fight will go on. It is splendid to have Mr. Borah's assurance that he is going to wipe out battleship and submarine. There will be no holiday for that, no rest by day or by night until the world is freed from all danger of that next war, which in the eyes even of the experts threatens the very existence of civilization. And this means the ending of chemical warfare, poison gas, and the airplane menace to humanity.

But those who know no compromise will stop cheerfully and happily to applaud Mr. Hughes and Mr. Harding for so brave, so tactically wise, so forward-looking a stand.

What About China?

By NATHANIEL PEFFER

Washington, November 11

THE opening of the Arms Conference finds one idea taking shape in the vagueness that now characterizes Washington. I refer to the propaganda for international control over China.

What high comedy there is in this! Here they have come, the "best minds" of the world, to Mr. Harding's world assembly. They have come to lay new foundations for the peace of the Far East. And what have they brought? The ragged, shopworn old phrases bandied about the hotel lobbies of the Far East for twenty years past. The traveling salesman who has gone to China to place agencies for sewing machines, candy, or rope, seeing of China what is to be seen from a Shanghai hotel lobby and bar, and spending six weeks in conversation with other salesmen whose knowledge of the Far East is as intimate and extensive as his—what is his solution of the problem of the Far East? Protectorate—send troops—take over the government—clean 'em up—set up a good government. Meaning, presumably, like America's.

Now come the makers of destiny from the world's capitals and the pundits of the Far East—they who blossom in the designation "Far Eastern experts"—and proclaim the grand new truth. Solution of the tangled problem of the Far East? International control. The most hackneyed, the most obvious solution, the solution least involved with cerebration.

As specious also as it is obvious. Much may be conceded in the beginning as to premise. China's plight is well-nigh hopeless. Government is almost non-existent and what exists is almost irredeemably rotten. Brigand chieftains, owning responsibility to no authority and maintaining bandit armies, hold sway over large territories, looting when their necessities demand. Revenues are withheld from the Central Government, which is in effect insolvent. The few schools there are even in the capital have to be closed at intervals because there is no money to pay teachers' salaries, and legations and consulates in various parts of the world often have not the money to pay their office rent. Much of the revenue that does come to the Central Government, most of it, is pocketed by officials. Chaos is over the land, a great nation is in the slough; the people as always are the victims, and the development of the resources which should enrich them and alleviate the ruthless struggle for existence in an overpopulated land is obstructed. Nor is there any certainty that the Chinese have within themselves the means of their own salvation. One cannot point to any force now visible in China to which one can look with confidence as likely to achieve rehabilitation. Certainly there is no hope in the Chinese governing classes. Their only motive is their own aggrandizement through corruption. All that is true. What then?

If not from within, then logically it can only be from without. That is to say, order brought about and reconstruction directed by foreign effort through international provision of capital and supervision of the government, especially of government finances. Certainly this *could* be the quickest, most efficient way, and the most beneficent way, in that it would mean less suffering to millions of downtrodden Chinese. It could be a short cut in the long and arduous evolution that now confronts the Chinese, the end of which is not even certain. And under ideal or even proper international conditions it would be. But mark that reservation.

A few years ago that was the tenor of our thinking in China. There was every warrant for so thinking. That China would come to its present pass of virtual collapse was foreseeable then. Benevolent international overseeing of China, we said, was the only remedy, and there was brought up then as a beginning the New Consortium. The change

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in international morals and thinking by reason of the war, we said, would insure disinterestedness and eliminate the danger from intriguing for selfish and exclusive advantages for individual Powers. The Consortium, expanded into frank international trusteeship, would be but one organ of an international organism functioning everywhere, especially in the weaker, troubled, undeveloped parts of the earth.

Long, long ago that was—part of a dream that is dead. Came then the Paris peace conference and the revealing aftermath. Came also concrete evidence that certain of the Powers had not and have not abandoned their selfish ambitions for individual profit in China at China's expense. Came proof that the motives of some of the strongest Powers in such a concert were suspect.

Consider, then, the situation as it confronts a Chinese today—not an official Chinese desirous only of preserving his access to spoils, but a patriotic Chinese of the student or new commercial classes, bitter at his officialdom, despairing of his future, and resigned to sacrificing national pride and part of China's sovereignty for a time that it might not lose all sovereignty for always. Such a Chinese might admit everything as to his country's rottenness, the hopelessness of its outlook, and the desirability, even necessity, of external help; and yet, facing the alternative of the surrender of his country into the hands of the Powers as he sees them to be today, he would be a fool and an imbecile thus to put his head willingly into the noose. And whatever else may be said of the Chinese, assuredly he is no fool. So he is opposed to international control, the whole 400,000,000 of him—the educated by reasoning, the illiterate by instinct. Remember that that instinct has been made sure by much practice; the Chinese has had long experience of strong nations. That is the reason the Chinese, all of them, have opposed even the Consortium, which to them is the entering wedge of international control, and that is why the Consortium is today little more than a name. Fear; a well-grounded fear, for no one can be so wrapped in illusion as to believe other than that the Powers, once intrenched in China, would never get out. If it were necessary at this date to give any more reasons why the betrayal at Versailles was a consummate tragedy, then this may be added, that it shattered the faith on which alone could be made the most promising approach to the settlement of the problem of China. The iniquity of the Shantung decision in particular and the cynicism of the Versailles Conference in general will be paid for, in one way or another, for at least a generation in the Far East. They are being paid for now.

If, then, there is to be any international control in China, it will have to be imposed on China; which is to say, imposed by force. And that is to lift the whole question out of the realm of serious consideration. One need only ask: Whose troops and whose money? Even with troops and with money, it would not be a practical consideration. No one who has had the slightest experience in China, who has had four Chinese employees in an office or four servants in a home, would be under any self-deception as to what compulsion of the four hundred million would mean. Anyone who has had one servant knows how completely the tactic of passive resistance makes servant master. The diplomats of the Powers that dealt with China in the early days of Chinese-Western relations, when China was first becoming the world's football, had practical illustration of what this means. One envoy expressed it graphically. "Dealing with China," he said, "is like nailing jelly on a wall."

The Chinese throughout their long, scarred history have developed the instinct of preservation. They can become jelly when circumstance demands. Were the Powers foolhardy enough to attempt control by force, a regime of undramatic and unostentatious sabotage on a continental scale would be instituted that would drive to insanity those who directed the intervention. Given Chinese opposition even to the simplest form of international control, the Consortium, and the Consortium would not lay a hundred miles of rails against such opposition. Attempted on any larger scale, international control would be a gigantic fiasco, unparalleled in history, if it were not a dreadful tragedy ultimately in the form of world war—which it probably would be.

It is useless to think of easy specifics for China. It is necessary to face practically the situation that exists—surely no unreasonable demand to make of those most "practical" of all people—diplomats. Aside from every moral consideration there is only one practical policy for the Powers to maintain toward China: let it alone. Draw the ring for it to settle its internal difficulties and let it alone. The interest of the modern industrial world demands the development of China so that there be access to its resources, but there will be no short cuts to such development. The only short cut that was possible, that of an international trusteeship carried out in a spirit of altruism and primarily for China's benefit, was blocked when the nations demonstrated in 1919 that they had no altruism and no disinterestedness and that they had not changed essentially from the despoilers of fifty years ago. That way will not be open again in this generation.

There is left no other way than by the working out by China itself of such forces as exist within China. When the Western Powers forced themselves into China they started a momentous transformation. They decreed the remaking of a civilization. In that process the revolution of 1911 that made China a republic was only a minor stage. We know now that China's transformation must be deeper than political. It must go to the bottom of one of the oldest and most deeply rooted civilizations in the world and change it at its roots. That cannot be accomplished in a generation. It may not be accomplished in two generations. There is no assurance that it will be successfully accomplished at all. While it is in process there will be a swinging backward and forward of the pendulum, there will be progress and retrogression, there will be continued chaos and disorder; quite likely conditions will get much worse before they get better. While the change is in process also, since it was none of their choosing, the Chinese have a moral right to demand that they be let alone, that they be unhindered by those who compelled them to the change. Not only that. It is the part of enlightened selfishness for the great Powers to let them alone. It is to the profit of the principal trading nations to see that process accelerated. Hindering them or interfering with them will only retard it, if not make it impossible.

International control is a delusion. Aside from its moral aspects—and I have purposely refrained from laboring the point that no nation has a right to force its concept of government on another nation, even to restore order—it is not practicable or possible. Let the Conference forget international control. It can occupy itself much more profitably with those objects which are not chimerical and toward which the people of at least three countries are looking with yearning—the cessation of the manufacture of engines of slaughter.

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The American Legion at Play

NEWS dispatches from Kansas City gave the impression that the national convention of the American Legion occupied itself chiefly with greeting Marshal Foch and considering the interests of former service men. *The Nation* learns that this was not all that took place; that the assembly was a medley of rum, rowdyism, and riot. A communication to *The Nation* and articles in the Kansas City *Post* and the St. Joseph *Gazette* give some of the details. The first is as follows:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In its issue of November 1, the Kansas City *Times* (the morning Kansas City *Star*) greeted the throngs of incoming American Legionnaires with the following editorial:

GREETINGS FOR TODAY

Hello, bo! Have a cigarette. Take another one. Take anything you see around the place.

The town is yours. Take it into camp with you. Scruff it up to your heart's content. Order it about. Let it carry grub to you. Have it shine your shoes. Hand it your coat and tell it to hold until the show is over.

We are all waiting your orders. Shove us back if we crowd. Push us off the street. Give us your grip and tell us where to deliver it. Any errands? Call us. If you want to go anywhere, don't ask for directions. Just jump into the car and tell us where you're bound for.

Let's have another one before we part. Put up your money; it's no good here. This one's on Kansas City.

Thus expansively invited to make Kansas City the scene of an unrestrained spree of rowdyism, the visiting heroes of the new American militarism complied with more than alacrity. Militarism shoved, strutted, and staggered through the crowded streets. At the beginning the civil authorities tacitly displayed the white flag by a statement in the press that every police officer would be accompanied by a military policeman—as much as to say that the police alone would be powerless to control the hilarious delegates. Very little control of any sort was manifest during the three days and nights of the convention. Liquor—of the virulent Volstead vintage—flowed freely and furiously. Bootleggers openly disposed of their wares. Circles of crap shooters cavorted more than merrily on the floor of the vast lobby of the Hotel Baltimore and even on the streets. Bottles of corn whiskey, colloquially known as "white lightning," stood conspicuously in the centers of these gambling rings. Not even the wildest spectacles of open saloon days could compete with this occasion. It goes without saying that all this went on with open connivance of the city and federal authorities. It is significant that on the day after the convention closed the press reported an announcement by the local federal authorities that the "three days' grace" was over and the prohibitory law would be strictly enforced.

One of the merry patriotic diversions of the "boys" was to stand on the curbs of the downtown streets and throw the large waste cans in front of passing automobiles. No attempt, apparently, was made to prevent such antics. The climax of the convention period came on the closing night, when at 2:30 in the morning a free-for-all riot occurred in the Baltimore lobby. The fracas started when some one led a Texas steer into the lobby, thus interrupting the numerous crap games in progress on the floor. A squad of twenty-five policemen was unable to subdue the rioters and was forced to retreat. One hundred policemen were required to restore a semblance of order. The police fought with the crowd through the lobby and the struggle continued in the street. Boards were torn from a nearby inclosure and used by the crowd to club the police. Not an arrest was made.

The great parade on Tuesday was the occasion of a very belligerent display of the new patriotism. Down the line of march the paraders, many of whom were one hundred per cent intoxicated, knocked the hats off civilians in the front rank of spectators. One parader drew his gun on a spectator who was not sufficiently prompt in removing his hat. This parade was an impressive demonstration of the power and methods of militarism.

The Kansas City *Post* made a naive confession on the closing day of the convention. Just before the convention the *Post* engaged in a bitter attack upon its rival, the *Star* (leading militarist organ of the Middle West), whose business manager, August Seested, was for a time barred from his own offices by the alien zoning rule in the midst of the war and was forced to make belated application for naturalization. Chief among the grievances of the *Post* was a furious objection to the building of the grand reviewing stand on the vacant lot in front of the *Star* building. Explaining, on the afternoon of the closing day of the convention, why it had refrained from its bitter attack on Seested during the convention, the *Post* declared that it did not wish to ruin the convention and incite to riot, adding tersely that "Anybody who knows the Legion knows its explosive character."

During the convention the steam roller seemed to be perfectly lubricated. The official program went through with only one hitch. The resolution approving the use of chemicals was dropped without a struggle when a member of the committee threatened to expose the committee's chairman as a son-in-law of Du Pont, connected with the chemical department of the famous powder works. The democratic character of the convention is forcibly illustrated by the vote on the resolution demanding the continued incarceration of Eugene V. Debs and the other political prisoners. A rising vote was taken of those who approved this resolution. Then Commander John G. Emery said, according to the press: "Any one who *dares* to vote No, stand up!" Evidently nobody dared. Thus was the denunciation of Debs made "unanimous."

Kansas City, Missouri, November 4 JOHN W. GUNN

Mr. Gunn's letter is borne out by an article in the Kansas City *Post* of November 3, printed under the caption "100 Police Battle Mob but Fail to Make Arrest." The article reads in part:

The lobby of the Baltimore hotel presented a scene of ruin at the end of a two-hour riot at 2:30 o'clock Thursday morning in which several hundred convention guests and hoodlums fought with a detail of over 100 policemen. . . . The fighting started inside the Baltimore, where a gang of hoodlums had taken possession of the lobby and launched crap games on the floor. . . .

William Shreeve, secretary to Chief Charles Edwards, led a squad of 25 men to the scene. As the police drew up in front of the hotel a crowd charged them. The officers drew guns and fired a volley of 100 shots into the air in an effort to frighten the fighting men. The crowd outside pulled back and the police rushed into the lobby. Five men sprang on Shreeve, and were kicking and beating him when A. M. Blakely, motorcycle officer, drew his revolver, saving Shreeve. The detail of 25 men were ordered to retreat and another call was sent to headquarters. Men were ordered in from outlying stations. Every man at headquarters, with the exception of a clerk, was rushed to the scene. The 100 policemen then charged the lobby. Their entrance was a signal for the hurling of bottles, the throwing of furniture, and new attacks with fists. The police eventually succeeded in driving the fighting mob to the street. The entire party then turned on the policemen. Boards were torn from a fence about the K. C. A. C. building at Eleventh Street and Baltimore Avenue, and used as weapons. Trash cans were hurled at policemen. Police fired more shots, and with drawn clubs and blackjacks waded into the mob. It

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took two hours to disperse the fighters. Not an arrest was made, police fearing to take any of the men into custody. . . .

The fighters were, for the most part, drunk. Liquor had flowed like water during the three nights of the convention. Crap games were in progress in the lobby of the Baltimore and the length of Eleventh Street every night. Bottles of "white mule" and "moonshine" were set up in the center of each group of crap shooters. Appeals to police by those who feared trouble fell on dead ears. The authorities admitted themselves afraid to make arrests. . . .

Matt Foster, police commissioner, attempted to cover up the report of the riot, and the causes which led up to it Thursday.

Further particulars are given in the St. Joseph *Gazette* of November 6, as follows:

Illustrative of the hoodlum spirit at times present, all the clothing was torn from a young woman who emerged from an office-building near Eleventh Street and Grand Avenue, in the very heart of the business section, early Tuesday evening. When the young woman finally made her escape she had naught of her clothing except a few torn shreds of undergarments and her shoes and stockings.

Two huge plate glass windows in a big department store were shattered by a crowd forced against them when a delegation from a southwestern State made an "attack."

A pawn-shop dealer on Main Street near the union depot reported that a number of men wearing feathers in their caps and painted to resemble Indians entered his store and after circling the aisles took from the show cases every article and threw the entire stock into the street. Opera glasses, revolvers, and other merchandise rained out over the heads of passersby.

The performances at all the theaters were obliged to abandon any idea of order as lines of men would suddenly enter from the stage entrances and interrupt the performances by marching lock step across the stage. No objection was raised until the men seized the instruments used in the orchestra, and proceeded to carry them into the street, to be used in a parade.

When a manager of one of the downtown hotels told a number of men to stop "shooting craps" on the floor of the lobby, he was told, "Oh, go to hell, we're running this joint now."

Irish Labor

By FRANK P. WALSH

TWO buildings near the River Liffey in Dublin are, or rather were, the headquarters of the contending forces which strove for the mastery of Ireland. One was the magnificent Custom House, seat of the fiscal power of the English Government, in whose rooms were housed all the records necessary for the collection of the income tax, the one great source of revenue which England extracted from Ireland. Almost in its shadow stood the other building, Liberty Hall, an old rambling pre-Georgean structure, headquarters of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, every member of which was an actual or potential soldier in the Irish volunteer army. The fate of these buildings is emblematic of the recent history of Ireland.

Two years ago while the British Government was proclaiming Dail Eireann a seditious and unlawful body I stood at the approach of Butt Bridge watching the Crown forces build permanent emplacements for machine-guns with which to cover the entrances to Liberty Hall. About five weeks ago I stood in the same spot; the Custom House was in ruins, but old Liberty Hall still stood, roughly garbed laborers passing in and out of its doors and standing in little knots upon the sidewalk. It had been raided innumerable times by British troops, but neither it nor its owners had been destroyed. On the contrary the union has within these two short years bought and paid for better executive offices in one of the historic mansions on Parnell Square, but the old hall is still used for meetings and various union activities. The Custom House has not been rebuilt. Burned by republican forces who stood off the British forces without the loss of a man, not only has it no successor, but its records have never been replaced. The destruction of those records was, perhaps, the blow that destroyed English dominance in Ireland forever. The supreme test of political control is the power to collect taxes for the support of governmental institutions. When the advocates of the recognition of the Irish Republic argued before the Foreign Relations Committees of the House and Senate of the United States that the Irish Republican Government was functioning, the first question propounded by the members of the committees was: Does Ireland still pay taxes to the English Government? The principal direct tax at that time being collected by England was the income tax. The burning of the Custom House destroyed all records, and the English Government has abandoned the collection of that tax, so that no direct taxes have since been paid by the people of Ireland to the English Government. This made the Irish Republic a de-facto government, beyond cavil or dispute, because it was functioning in all other branches prior to the destruction of the Custom House.

Labor in its organized might and republicanism in its militant arm are one and the same thing in Ireland. Nor is Irish labor merely effective as an aggressive force for political freedom. It is constructive and forward looking. Ireland has the most intellectual, significant, and coherent labor movement in the world today. It has bridged the gap which so often exists between different groups of laborers. The leaders of the labor movement in Ireland have builded upon the theory that no labor movement can be successful without absolute solidarity among the unskilled workers. So the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union includes all of the unskilled labor of Ireland. It is not confined to the cities. In practically every small town and village in Ireland the organization of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union is 100 per cent. These organizations include all of the general workers in the towns, and all of the agricultural laborers in the surrounding territory. The policy of elevating the status of the unskilled has proven the greatest possible lever for improving the wages and conditions of the skilled workers. The skilled worker in Ireland is not menaced from below, as he is in America and other countries. A strike in Ireland absolutely paralyzes the industry against which it is directed. Two years ago, when the hotel-workers, waiters, and others went on strike in the big hotels of Dublin, the hotels simply closed their doors. This situation has created a cooperation between employers and employees, primarily an enforced one, if you will, but one which has made for comparative industrial peace in Ireland.

Before the organization of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, unskilled labor in Ireland was among

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the most degraded of the whole world. An agricultural laborer could not earn enough to give food to his family, and he was always garbed in rags and tatters. Workhouses were planted all through the land, where cold charity was dispensed to the women and children of these families. The Irish Republic is stamping out the workhouse disgrace daily; for there is no country in the world where organized charity is so despised and where the taking of alms is considered as disgraceful as it is in Ireland. John Boyle O'Reilly voiced the horror of his race for that anti-social manifestation in the lines:

> The organized charity, crimped and iced,
> In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ.

Today Irish labor is upright, showing the full stature of its manhood; meeting, of course, the difficulties common to the laborer of all lands, but freed from the old degradation which was worse than death itself.

The sympathy which the town laborer feels for the agricultural worker arises from the passionate devotion of the Irish people to the land. Ireland is one of the most fertile spots on earth. The worker of Ireland revolts against the idea of being a wage slave. He loves activity, has a great pride in the creation of his hands, but wants to devote his effort to the happiness of himself and those of his own roof tree. The declaration of the political leaders that the Irish soil belongs to the Irish people has a literal application in the minds of Irish workers. They appreciate that their island can maintain a population of upward of twenty millions. Instead they have seen their race driven from the soil to the four corners of the earth until only four and a half million are left in their own country.

The commandant of the Dublin District introduced me to an intelligent workingman, apparently about forty years of age, employed on the dock of Guinness's brewery in Dublin; the largest industry of its kind in the world. In the presence of his colonel he detailed the story of one Irish soldier's life for the eleven months prior to the truce. He arose at five o'clock in the morning, went immediately to a munition factory operated by the Irish republican army, where he worked with his comrades manufacturing bombs until time to go to work in the brewery. He worked all day in the brewery, took a hurried evening meal, and joined his company either to drill or to engage in the trench warfare which was carried on in the streets of Dublin and the surrounding territory with such tremendous loss to the Crown forces. He was, he explained, the son of a farmer in County Wicklow—one of seven sons—three of whom were forced to emigrate and three compelled to seek work as laborers in the large cities of Ireland. He risked his life night and day with the vision ever before him of a Wicklow farm and the right of Irish men and women to live their own lives on the land which they love.

This land hunger can be satisfied to no small degree by a division of the great landed estates. The Duke of Leinster, for example, has an estate running to the gates of Maynooth College, in County Kildare, with a stone wall built in famine times by starving laborers, three and one-half miles in length, scarring one of Ireland's most beautiful landscapes. Similar, if smaller, estates almost cover the face of certain parts of Ireland. These are remnants of the great domains of the landlords of an earlier day. The workers believe that these lands are a part of their heritage. They are a law-abiding people and willing to pay the owners, even though their titles are based upon naked force, but they do want the land, and are fighting for it.

The Irish cooperative movement, more advanced than any other save Denmark's, is really part and parcel of the Irish labor movement. It is under the protection and patronage of Dail Eireann and is an integral part of Irish national life. The Irish Department of Labor is the most remarkable and efficient of all the governmental departments.

Irish labor has been well led by men whose rewards have not been monetary. The leaders of the Transport and General Workers' Union are democratically selected, the president being permitted to serve but one year, and that on a salary such as any skilled worker can earn at his trade. The members of this great national union declare that it is the work of the brain and hands of James Larkin and James Connolly. Connolly fell in the streets of Dublin, at the head of his citizens' army, desperately wounded in the rising of Easter Week, 1916. A few days later, dying from his wounds, he was propped in a chair to face England's firing squad. Connolly's martyrdom has made him in the minds of the people of all Ireland one of its greatest heroes and martyrs. But the rank and file of labor, as well as its leaders, and in fact the great majority of the intellectuals of Ireland, accord even greater credit to James Larkin for the emancipation of the Irish workers. A man of fine soul, dynamic force, and fiery tongue, he is often misunderstood and abused; yet they say that it was his broad vision and unconquerable energy which rescued Irish labor from the depths into which it had been flung and laid the foundation of the Irish labor movement as it now exists. And they are bewildered and sad over his confinement in an American prison. They cannot understand it. They declare that he would have died by Connolly's side had he not gone reluctantly to America on a mission which his fellow-countrymen believed, at the time, to be necessary to the very salvation of Ireland. These men and women believe that our country is treating him with a savagery wholly undeserved, entirely at variance with the spirit of the free America which they revere. Larkin, they will tell you, rough enough when dealing with rough situations which grind the life out of men, women, and children, never had a thought toward his fellow man anywhere except of kindliness and sacrifice.

What the workers are doing for Ireland can be summed up by saying that if the ancient Irish spirit, as expressed by its poets and philosophers, is the soul of the Irish revolution, then the labor movement is its backbone, lungs, and heart. For they are all in it and of it. And the Irish struggle for freedom by the Irish Transport and General Worker is inherently his own fight for a richer, fuller life. But if Irish labor is intensely national in its aspirations for its own country, it is international in its sympathy. It is not easily deceived. It has little confidence in the idea that English labor is going to "do something" for Ireland. Irishmen say that Irish labor thinks in terms of political independence and the assertive power of labor itself, while English labor leaders, with some brilliant exceptions, are willing to nibble from the hands of their "noble" rulers and accept doles of food and doubtful political honors from their hereditary masters. But nevertheless the Irish workers have a wonderful feeling of kinship for their brothers across the Irish Sea. They believe they are building an Irish state which will be an inspiration to them and the producers of all Europe; that they are thus helping to free the English workers and may, in concert with them, truly democratize England, Scotland, and Wales.

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Contemporary American Novelists

By CARL VAN DOREN

XI. HAMLIN GARLAND

THE pedigree of the most energetic and important fiction now being written in the United States goes unmistakably back to that creative uprising of discontent in the eighties of the last century which brought into articulate consciousness the larger share of the aspects of unrest which have since continued to challenge the nation's magnificent, arrogant grand march. The decade had Henry Adams for its bitter philosopher, despairing of current political corruption and turning away to probe the roots of American policy under Jefferson and his immediate successors; had the youthful Theodore Roosevelt for its standard-bearer of a civic conscience which was, plans went, to bring virtue into caucuses; had Henry George for its spokesman of economic change, moving across the continent from California to New York with an argument and a program for new battles against privilege; had Edward Bellamy for its Utopian romancer, setting forth a delectable picture of what human society might become were the old iniquities reasonably wiped away and cooperative order brought out of competitive chaos; had William Dean Howells for its annalist of manners, turning toward the end of the decade from his benevolent acceptance of the world as it was to stout-hearted, though soft-voiced, accusations brought in the name of Tolstoi and the Apostles against human inequality however constituted; had—to end the list of instances without going outside the literary class—Hamlin Garland for its principal spokesman of the distress and dissatisfaction along the changed frontier which so long as free land lasted had been the natural outlet for the expanding, restless race.

Heretofore the prairies and the plains had depended almost wholly upon romance—and that often of the cheapest sort—for their literary reputation; Mr. Garland, who had tested at first hand the innumerable hardships of such a life, became articulate through his dissent from average notions about the pioneer. His earliest motives of dissent seem to have been personal and artistic. During that youth which saw him borne steadily westward, from his Wisconsin birthplace to windy Iowa and then to bleak Dakota, his own instincts clashed with those of his migratory father as the instincts of many a sensitive, unremembered youth must have clashed with the dumb, fierce urges of the leaders of migration everywhere. The younger Garland hungered on the frontier for beauty and learning and leisure; the impulse which eventually detached him from Dakota and sent him on a trepid, reverent pilgrimage to Boston was the very impulse which, on another scale, had lately detached Henry James from his native country and had sent him to the ancient home of his forefathers in the British Isles. Mr. Garland could neither feel so free nor fly so far from home as James. He had, in the midst of his raptures and his successes in New England, still to remember the plight of the family he had left behind him on the lonely prairie; he cherished a patriotism for his province which went a long way toward restoring him to it in time. Sentimental and romantic considerations, however, did not influence him altogether in his first important work. He had been kindled by Howells in Boston to a passion for realism which carried him beyond the suave accuracy of his master to the somber veracity of "Main-Travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," and "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly." This veracity was more than somber; it was deliberate and polemic. Mr. Garland, ardently a radical of the school of Henry George, had enlisted in the crusade against poverty, and he desired to tell the unheeded truth about the frontier farmers and their wives in language which might do something to lift the desperate burdens of their condition. Consequently his passions and his doctrines joined hands to fix the direction of his art: he both hated the frontier and hinted at definite remedies which he thought would make it more endurable.

It throws a strong light upon the progress of American society and literature during the past generation to point out that the service recently performed by "Main Street" was, in its fashion, performed thirty years ago by "Main-Travelled Roads." Each book challenges the myth of the rural beauties and the rural virtues; but whereas Sinclair Lewis, in an intellectual and satiric age, charges that the villagers are dull, Mr. Garland, in a moral and pathetic age, charged that the farmers were oppressed. His men wrestle fearfully with sod and mud and drought and blizzard, goaded by mortgages which may at almost any moment snatch away all that labor and parsimony have stored up. His women, endowed with no matter what initial hopes or charms, are sacrificed to overwork and deprivations and drag out maturity and old age on the weariest treadmill. The pressure of life is simply too heavy to be borne except by the ruthless or the crafty. Mr. Garland, though nourished on the popular legend of the frontier, had come to feel that the "song of emigration had been, in effect, the hymn of fugitives." Illusion no less than reality had tempted Americans toward their far frontiers, and the enormous mass, once under way, had rolled stubbornly westward, crushing all its members who might desire to hesitate or to reflect. The romancers had studied the progress of the frontier in the lives of its victors; Mr. Garland studied it in the lives of its victims: the private soldier returning drably and mutely from the war to resume his drab, mute career behind the plow; the tenant caught in a trap by his landlord and the law and obliged to pay for the added value which his own toil had given to his farm; the brother neglected until his courage has died and proffered assistance comes too late to rouse him; and particularly the daughter whom a harsh father or the wife whom a brutal husband breaks or drives away—the most sensitive and therefore the most pitiful victims of them all. Mr. Garland told his early stories in the strong, level, ominous language of a man who had observed much but chose to write little. Not his words but the overtones vibrating through them cry out that the earth and the fruits of the earth belong to all men and yet a few of them have turned tiger or dog or jackal and snatched what is precious for themselves while their fellows starve and freeze. Insoluble as are the dilemmas he propounded and tense and unrelieved as his accusations were, he stood in his methods nearer, say, to the humane Millet than to the angry Zola. There is a clear, high splendor about his landscapes; youth and love on his desolate plains, as well as elsewhere, can find glory in the most difficult existence; he might strip particular lives re-

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lentlessly bare, but he no less relentlessly clung to the conviction that human life has an inalienable dignity which is deeper than any glamor goes.

Why did Mr. Garland not equal the success of "Main-Travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," and "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly" for a quarter of a century? At the outset he had passion, knowledge, industry, doctrine, approbation, and he labored hard at enlarging the saga of which these books were the center. Yet "Jason Edwards," "A Spoil of Office," "A Member of the Third House" are dim names and the Far Western tales which succeeded them are following them into a similar obscurity. The rise of historical romance among the American followers of Stevenson at the end of the century and the subsequent rise of flippancy under the leadership of O. Henry have both been blamed for the partial eclipse into which Mr. Garland's reputation passed. As a matter of fact, the causes were more fundamental than the mere fickleness of literary reputation or than the demands of editors and public that he repeat himself forever. In that first brilliant cycle of stories this downright pioneer worked with the material which of all materials he knew best and over which his imagination played most eagerly. From them, however, he turned to pleas for the single tax and to exposures of legislative corruption and imbecility about which he neither knew or cared so much as he knew and cared about the actual lives of working farmers. His imagination, whatever his zeal might do in these different surroundings, would not come to the old point of incandescence. Instead, however, of diagnosing his case correctly, Mr. Garland followed the false light of local color to the Rocky Mountains and began the series of romantic narratives which further interrupted his true growth and, gradually, his true fame. He who had grimly refused to lend his voice to the chorus chanting the popular legend of the frontier in which he had grown up and who had studied the deceptive picture not as a visitor but as a native, now became himself a visiting enthusiast for the "high trails" and let himself be roused by a fervor sufficiently like that from which he had earlier dissented. Looking upon local color as the end—when it is more accurately the beginning—of fiction, he felt that he had exhausted his old community and must move on to fresher pastures. Here the prime fallacy of his school misled him: he believed that if he had represented the types and scenes of his particular region once he had done all he could, when of course had he let imagination serve him he might have found in that microcosm as many passions and tragedies and joys as he or any novelist could have needed for a lifetime. Here, too, the prime penalty of his school overtook him: he came to lay so much emphasis upon outward manners that he let his plots and characters fall into routine and formula. The novels of his middle period—such as "Her Mountain Lover," "The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop," "Hester," "The Light of the Star," "Cavanagh, Forest-Ranger"—habitually recur to the romantic theme of a love uniting some powerful, uneducated frontiersman and some girl from a politer neighborhood. Pioneer and lady are always almost the same; so are the praise of plains and mountains and the scorn of cities and civilization. These romances exhibit the frontier as self-conscious, obstreperous, always insisting upon its difference from the rest of the world. In ordinary human intercourse such insistence eventually becomes tiresome; in literature no less than in life there is a time to remember local traits and a time to forget them in concerns more universal.

What concerns of Mr. Garland's were universal became evident when he published "A Son of the Middle Border." His enthusiasms might be romantic but his imagination was not; it was indissolubly married to his memory of actual events. The formulas of his mountain romances, having been the inventions of a mind not essentially inventive, had been at best no more than sectional; the realities of his autobiography, taking him back again to "Main-Travelled Roads" and its cycle, were personal, lyrical, and consequently universal. All along, it now appeared, he had been at his best when he was most nearly autobiographical: those vivid early stories had come from the lives of his own family or of their neighbors; "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly" had set forth what was practically his own experience in its account of a heroine—not hero—who leaves her native farm to go first to a country college and then to Chicago to pursue a wider life, torn constantly between a passion for freedom and a loyalty to the father she must tragically desert. In a sense "A Son of the Middle Border" supersedes the fictive versions of the same material; they are the original documents and "Son," the final redaction and commentary. Veracious still, the son of that border appears no longer vexed as formerly. Memory, parent of art, has at once sweetened and enlarged the scene. What has been lost of pungent vividness has its compensation in a broader, a more philosophic interpretation of the old frontier, which in this record grows to epic meanings and dimensions. Its savage hardships, though never minimized, take their due place in its powerful history; the defeat which the victims underwent cannot rob the victors of their many claims to glory. If there was little contentment in this border there was still much rapture. Such things Mr. Garland reveals without saying them too plainly: the epic qualities of his book—as in Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi"—lie in its spacious implications; the tale itself is a candid narrative of one man's adventures.

This autobiographic method, applied with success in "The Daughter of the Middle Border"[1] to his later life, brings into play all his higher gifts and excludes his lower. Under slight obligation to imagine, he runs slight risk of succumbing to those conventionalisms which often stiffen his work when he trusts to his imagination. Avowedly dealing with his own opinions and experiences, he is not tempted to project them, as in the novels he does somewhat too frequently, into the careers of his heroes. Dealing chiefly with action not with thought, he does not tend so much as elsewhere to solve speculative problems with sentiment instead of with reflection. In the "Son" and the "Daughter" he has the fullest chance to be autobiographic without disguise. Here lies his best province and here appears his best art. It is an art, as he employs it, no less subtle than humane. Warm, firm flesh covers the bones of his chronology. He imparts reality to this or that occasion, like a novelist, by reciting conversation which must come from something besides bare memory. He rounds out the characters of the persons he remembers with a fulness and a grace which, lifelike as his persons are, betray the habit of creating characters. He enriches his analysis of the middle border with sensitive descriptions of the "large, unconscious scenery" in which it transacted its affairs. If it is difficult to overprize the documentary value of his saga of the Garlands and the McClintocks and of their son who turned back on the trail, so is it difficult to overpraise the sincerity and tenderness and beauty with which the chronicle was set down.

[1] Reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

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In the Driftway

LITTLE difference it makes to Anatole France, comfortable in his cottage at Tours; but the prestige of the Nobel Prize would have suffered had it passed him by. Probably no recognition ever pleased him more than that of the Paris cabbie. The story may be true or it may be false—in France it is probably true—but false or true the fact that it is told is tribute in itself. Anatole France took a taxi from the railroad station to the Villa Said. When he came to pay his fare the cabbie swept his cap to the ground and made it known that the honor of driving the first writer of Europe was recompense enough. A much less literary cabbie once drove the Drifter out from Tours. But when he had jog-trotted his horse across the Loire, and up the long, steep hill, and through the miles of apple and peach orchards to the whitewashed wall and the old-fashioned doorway marked simply La Bêchellerie, the Drifter was glad enough to pay his tribute.

* * * * *

THE Drifter followed the pathway between pansy-beds to the little eighteenth century plaster house with the climbing roses slipping up between the windows. Inside one door, he looked out another upon a garden behind walls, with, beyond the walls, a glimpse of a turn of white road lined with fruit-trees ablossom, dark spruces against the corner of another plaster house beyond, and, far below, a glint of the Loire. From the room within came the raucous voice of a Russian comrade-visitor; then the silver-toned response of Anatole France. The maître, white-haired, almost venerable, the man who smiles at the antics of this human world with such a tolerant smile as God might smile, was discussing the oratorical powers and manners of party leaders with the ardor of a young militant. He greeted the Drifter; but the Drifter suddenly lost his little power of speaking French. His tongue stuck; he attempted to explain something about a letter. Anatole France dismissed the idea; he never read his mail, he said; and the *petite dactylo* who usually did it for him had been ill, so his mail had simply accumulated for weeks. The Drifter attempted conversation; he rudely asked when M. France had become a Communist. M. France thought it but the logical continuation of his past—and changed the subject. He asked the Drifter about America, and the Drifter, under his kindly questioning, wasted the precious minutes in talking himself. M. France discussed politics with the zest of Frenchmen; he denounced Clemenceau for "inventing" an unnecessary isolation, and held that the only hope for France's future lay in Franco-German collaboration. But France was sick as all Europe was sick, and he saw little hope without a great wrench out of the old ruts. And to the Drifter's mind there came back the stories of the two rebellious young soldiers who invaded the old man's salon in the last year of the war, and who day after day told their ugly stories of the crude realities of war to the man in his later seventies, until they made of him one of the apostles of the new faith, the young leading the old and the old the young. Anatole France has a magnificent skepticism of the present and acceptance of the future, and a splendid readiness to face the unenthusiastic truth. "Le cœur se trompe comme l'esprit; ses erreurs ne sont pas moins funestes et l'on a plus de mal à s'en défaire à cause de la douceur qui s'y mêle!"

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Houses, Rents, and Taxes

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There are two suggestions implied in your editorial in *The Nation* of November 2 on Housing New York City to which I wish to take exception, especially because they represent points of view which are widespread even among people who have given intelligent consideration to the subject. One is that *taxes as such* can be added to the rent-payer's cost of living. The other is that the evil of the housing shortage can be corrected by "governmental endeavor," this phrase indicating that good results may be expected from affirmative governmental action. In contradiction of the former let me point out that while taxes rose steadily between 1905 and 1915, rents remained stationary, and in many cases actually fell. The rising of rents since that time has been due to a scarcity of houses, and would have occurred just the same, whether taxes rose or fell. If the landlords could add taxes to rents, does anyone believe that they would worry as they undoubtedly do over rising tax rates? Admittedly, taxes to the extent that they fall *on houses* check investment in that form of property, and so, *by producing a scarcity*, tend to increase rents. Taxes on land values, however, cannot operate similarly because the land area is irreducible. On the contrary, taxes on land tend to encourage construction by reducing the selling price of land, hence making it easier to buy. It will be seen, therefore, that the two parts of the real-estate tax operate in opposite directions and with fundamentally different results.

The other point upon which I dissent is the utility of direct governmental intervention. England, which has shown unusual ability to handle ordinary municipal utilities, has demonstrated also the economic futility of attempting to solve the housing problem that way. The government can regulate and obstruct with great success. It can prevent things being done, but except in cases of war and pestilence, it is simply impossible as a producing agency.

New York, October 31 JOHN J. MURPHY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your statement that "taxes withdrawn at one point must be gathered at another" is not necessarily true in all instances, for a system of taxation is conceivable that will itself so simplify government that much less taxes will be needed.

Your further statement that taxes gathered at another point are "added to the rent-payers' cost of living" is not true if land rentals are taxed. House rentals are based on cost of construction and replacement. A heavy tax on land rentals actually reduces the cost of construction in addition to reducing the price of land. No one has yet discovered a method by which a tax on land rentals can be added to the tenant's cost of living.

Pittsburgh's graded tax law which partly exempts buildings and automatically increases the tax on land values proves this conclusively. The opponents of this law are chiefly the great landed estates and their agents. They are opposed to the law because they must pay the tax, they cannot add the land-value tax to their tenants' rent.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, November 2 H. W. NOREN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In discussing the exemption of houses from taxation you say "Taxes withdrawn at one point must be gathered at another—and added to the rent-payers' cost of living."

It seems to me that you speak hastily. Under ordinary American methods of local taxation, taxes withdrawn from houses must fall largely (if all improvements on all real estate were relieved uniformly, almost wholly) on land. Rent, whether paid by a tenant or charged up in the price of groceries and clothing, is dependent on supply and demand. Taxation on

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houses reduces the supply of houses, as is just now being conspicuously shown in New York; taxation on land does not reduce the supply of land. The landlord, traditionally and as a class, is getting what he can, and is already so diligent in this that it is impossible for taxation to make him more diligent. But taxation on the house enables him to get more rent, because it relieves him of the competition of another house which will not be built for fear of the taxation; taxation on the land does not relieve him of any competition, but rather adds to his competition a certain number of vacant lots which cannot afford to pay their taxes without getting revenue. The main check on the grocer's prices, in the long run, is the fact that if his business is too profitable competitors will rush in to get a share of his melon. These new competitors will mostly be tenants; taxation on buildings or on stock in trade will increase their expense, taxation on land will not; hence the former taxation protects the established grocer against new competition, the latter does not. STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Ballard Vale, Massachusetts, November 7

[In saying "Taxes withdrawn at one point must be gathered at another—and added to the rent-payers' cost of living," we did not mean to imply that such taxes must be paid in the form of higher rents. Our position is that the government must levy taxes somewhere in order to meet its expenses, and that this money comes from the public which in our large cities, at least, consists preponderatingly of rent-payers.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

A Not Intended "Not"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of November 2 you printed a letter from me of September 17 in which, unfortunately, my stenographer gratuitously inserted a "not" in the next to the last sentence, thus quite changing the sense which I intended. My point was that the American Association of Mexico, complaining without warrant that the American oil interests in their recent settlement with the Mexican Government neglected the interests of their stockholders and deserted Secretary Hughes, had really indicted President Teagle and his associates as though it were a crime to play fair with a weak government.

New York, November 1 JAMES G. MCDONALD

Mr. Richman's "Ambush" Again

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I must take exception to Mr. Lewisohn's analysis in your issue of October 26 of the play "Ambush," although agreeing with him that it is significant as a contribution to the American drama. He pays Mr. Richman the supreme tribute of declaring that "the dramatic idea is here identical with the very forces that make life." That "Ambush" records a development based on authentic data I would not deny, but do we not, at the last, feel the logic of what we suspect to be the author's purpose rather than the inexorable logic of the forces of life? We have seen the foes in ambush, pressing in on Nichols, threatening his happiness, his ideals, the very tissue of his existence, but we have had no indication that he would negotiate with them at the price of his dearest possession, his unblemished personal integrity. The play is, if you will, a recital of compromises, but they remain compromises with judgment and pride, never, until the final moment, with moral principles, or the inner vision of right. The step from his material downfall and complete disillusionment to his degradation remains a gap unspanned. No inner necessity compels the acceptance of the abhorred money. The horrible exposure of his wife's and his daughter's ruthless rapacity has achieved, in a very real sense, an annihilation. Since they are no longer the beings he loved, the sole motive for his former concessions dies out with them. Regard for the material welfare of his friend's wife, the one person who remains intact in the general cataclysm, and who, at least, comprehends his tortures, is no adequate motive, for she is indifferent to poverty and his act only helps to involve her in his ignominy. He is free to repudiate his family and his debt and to take the consequences, desertion by his wife and child and poverty, for himself. Nothing that goes before would make such a solution inconsistent. Mr. Lewisohn tells us that "in his extreme misery and shame Walter Nichols remains himself, bearing an inner witness to all he is forced to abandon." But does he remain himself, and is he forced to abandon? His last words are "Why? why?" and in another sense we must repeat them: "Why indeed?"

If it is sheer weariness of a soul decoyed and broken that we are called upon to witness, there enters the suspicion that Mr. Richman has designed, not the tragedy of the lost cause of idealism in a world too sordid for its endurance—"the gods against vulgarity"—but a satire on the fall of human pride that does not acknowledge its own nature until grim realism tears the mask from its face. But, if such is his purpose, he has brought us unprepared to the final satiric revelation.

New York, October 26 AGNES GOLDMAN

An Apology to the Admiral

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read my report of the hearings of the Senatorial Committee of investigation of the military occupation of Haiti and Santo Domingo in the current issue of *The Nation*. Had I seen this report in its condensed form I would have made two important changes to correct what are not actually erroneous statements but which lost their original meaning as expressed in my text. I refer first to the words "In view of the negotiations which preceded and the acts which followed that proclamation, can one conclude otherwise than that the Navy Department instructed Admiral Caperton to lie?" This was not my phrasing of the situation and I deeply regret that it was so phrased in editorial revision, because it seems to carry the implication that I accuse Admiral Caperton of being a deliberate and knowing party to the deception that was practiced upon the Haitian people in order to secure their acquiescence in the landing of the troops. I feel that one of the most disgraceful features of the Haitian invasion is the fact that private interests were able to influence governmental authorities in Washington to conduct a private war on their behalf against a friendly nation and to have the United States Navy ordered about to do their bidding. When orders are issued to the officers of the Army and Navy they have no choice but to obey, mutiny, or resign. They cannot question their orders. Knowing Admiral Caperton as I do, I do not believe he would be a deliberate participant in such a vicious misrepresentation and deceit as this proclamation proved to be. That was never in my mind. He simply obeyed orders and issued the proclamation which his chief ordered him to issue.

The second point regards the instruction to include in the treaty the "cession without restriction of Mole St. Nicholas to the United States." This was among the original demands made on the prospective candidate for President, and the text of the treaty, submitted in August, 1915, made provision for this cession, in paragraph 9, by providing that the Government of Haiti would not cede, lease, or sell, or confer jurisdiction on any part of the territory of Haiti to any foreign government "except to the United States." Mr. Daniels, in his order finally permitting the election, tells Admiral Caperton that "the question of the cession of Mole St. Nicholas can be settled after the treaty is ratified." The way was left open for this cession in the treaty as it was demanded in August, with the express instruction that the actual cession was to be arranged after the treaty was ratified.

Washington, D. C., November 11 HELENA HILL WEED

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Books

"More That Must Be Told"

More That Must Be Told. By Philip Gibbs. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

SIR PHILIP GIBBS is orthodox. Throughout the war he did valiant pen service for the Allied cause, with more than ordinary skill and more than customary humanity and honesty. And now after three years of a peace from war which is more like disease than the war itself, Sir Philip, with a wider and better informed knowledge of the world and its war and its disease which is called peace, can still affirm in all sincerity and honesty and simple conviction: "It is certain, if anything in history is certain, that nothing will ever reverse the verdict of guilty given against the German military caste for having planned, desired, and made the war. The German bureaucracy and bourgeoisie share that guilt by criminal consent. . . . Let us leave it there—this terrible verdict against which there is no court of appeal except the judgment seat of God."

Germany signed the acknowledgment of her guilt at Versailles, did she not? At the point of the pistol, for the sake of bread, but she signed it. Let us leave it there! And even with full admission of the criminal methods of the governments allied against Germany which "were guilty of maintaining, defending, and intensifying the old regime of international rivalry, with its political structure resting entirely on armed force, and as damnably guilty of hiding from their own peoples the inevitability of the conflict which was approaching them"; and with clear-headed realization of the way all governments work the game, "that system which under the fair name of 'representative government' arranges the fate of peoples without their knowledge or consent, and by artful appeals to popular passion and ignorance, by spell words and watchwords of fine sound and empty meaning, keeps the mob obedient to their directing wills, even though they are led to the shambles"; and with an honest appreciation of how these same governments have betrayed their peoples at Versailles and there stacked and are still stacking the cards for the next war—nevertheless, were the situation of 1914 again to present itself, or anything like it wearing the same false front, Sir Philip sees nothing for the ignorant and misled youth of the nations to do but to rush once more into the pit dug for them, and give up their lives enthusiastically at the bidding of such governments and such leaders as led the Allied world in 1914-1921. That is being orthodox.

Moreover, Sir Philip has other necessary marks of orthodoxy: hatred of bolshevism (the Russians "betrayed" their allies), contempt for socialism, communism, and other unpopular theories of government, implicit faith in capitalism, and in the possibility of a fair and equitable working of the capitalistic system, in spite of its terrible blunders and cruelties. With such an impeccable credo Sir Philip Gibbs is the best possible mediator or conductor of ideas between the new world and the old. There is nothing alarming or challenging in his thought, nothing at all. All his themes have been remorselessly explored before him by such men among others as Lord Loreburn, Norman Angell, J. A. Hobson, Walter Rathenau, and his contentions as to the incapacity of modern statesmen and the colossal gaffe of the peace treaty have been so popularized that even the orthodox press occasionally says them and the perpetrators of it themselves must begin to believe them. To readers of the *Manchester Guardian*, the London *Nation*, the New York *Nation*, the *Freeman*, there is nothing fresh in his exposure of English brutality and stupidity in its dealing with Ireland (though I have never seen a fairer and honester statement of that dark mess); in the thesis that the Allied treatment of the vanquished has been more foolish than wicked—and wicked as it could well be; that France is deathly sick with neurasthenia and a great danger to herself and the rest of the world; that if some form of economic sanity does not penetrate the dark involutions of politicians' brains all the world will shortly go broke together, and no splendid isolation will selfishly save anybody's precious bacon. All this is not new.

But the orthodox, to whom "France" and "Great Britain" and "Germany" are still unique personalities, characters in the recent melodrama where Virtue finally triumphed over Vice and properly exacted its pound of flesh from the vanquished, do not read such books and magazines and do not think such disagreeable thoughts if they can possibly help it. And those who would not read Keynes, or still regard him as "pro-German," who dub as sentimentalist any one who protests at the starvation of Russians and Germans and Austrians, will read "More That Must Be Told," because they know its author is by faith one of them, a staunch "patriot," an unblemished "pro-Ally." Park Avenue, if not Main Street, will read Sir Philip, and what he says may make them listen to further truths next time they encounter them. That is the slow process of education.

In his earlier volume, "Now It Can Be Told," Sir Philip explored that tragic abyss between the soldier world, believing, agonizing, and sacrificing, and the blundering, stupid, directing world of G. H. Q. wherein was fearlessly exposed the incompetence of our best minds, civil and military, to cope with the war they had blundered into. What a few dimly suspected to be the truth about the futile slaughters of the Great War called battles was therein set forth beyond dispute by one who had seen and knew, but who from loyalty and professional honor had been obliged to remain silent for five long terrible years while the best youth of the world bled to death under the guidance of "brass hats" and petty politicians. In this book he reveals the abyss equally tragic between what the soldiers and the peoples who paid the price thought they were paying for and what their leaders served up to them at Versailles and have been serving up to them ever since the armistice put a period to the "war to end war." This is the tragedy we are still living and are likely to live for some time, if, as Mr. Hoover told Sir Philip, "youth continues to elect old men to govern the world"! No more relentless exposure of the spiritual and mental incapacity of our governing classes to govern has been made anywhere than in "More That Must Be Told"; no franker admission that representative government as worked by modern statesmen represents nothing but selfish and greedy minorities, that the popular will is a mere psychological formula created in the chemical laboratories of propaganda. All the outstanding international blunders and crimes of the past three years are recapitulated (except perhaps the biggest one of all—the Allied treatment of Russia): the broken faith of the Fourteen Points; the failure to encourage the feeble democracies of the conquered countries; the sinister effort for another European hegemony by France; England's shame in Ireland (pat illustration of Allied hypocrisy); the devastating cancer of central Europe; the frantic illusion of "reparations"—all, all the dreary record of "since the armistice"! The deepest sink of human ignominy, grave of hopes and hotbed of fears—not under Hohenzollern guidance but under the direction of those who fought "that justice and right might triumph."

And yet Sir Philip, thanks perhaps to his preservative orthodoxy, is unable to push his thinking another step and to question the fundamental postulates of a human society where the scum rises inevitably to the top—where the Carsons, the Bonar Laws, the Balfours, the Churchills, the Birkenheads, the Briands, the Poincarés, the Tardieus, the Lodges, and their spiritual bedfellows make the soup for their fellow men and serve it—where cynical and corrupt old men govern. For ours is an old man's world, alas! The beauty and the poignancy of Sir Philip Gibbs's book—for it has both beauty and poignancy—is its clear, unbitter realization of this fact and its pathetic appeal to the youth of the world to rise and take affairs out of the bungling hands of these evil old men and to order the new world in some better fashion than the old. For with all with-

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ered faiths Sir Philip has one necessary living faith and that is in the possibility of youth—even though youth today is dancing, and talking flippantly about the next war, and electing more old men to govern.

His purpose is high and noble, however one may estimate the outcome—a call from the depth of his consciousness of the greatest of human tragedies (the memory of which would seem already to be fading) upon the lost spirit of the world, for a new orientation, a forgetting and a beginning; a call especially upon youth to reject the animal philosophy in which it has been nurtured, to believe in a world without war, in a world of honor, justice, and above all mercy. It is a plea for love instead of hate, for reconciliation in place of vengeance, for sanity to cure mania.

It is a voice that has been discredited of late, a kind of appeal that the orthodox are wont to sneer at as "sentimental" and "pacifist," if not "pro-German"—the voice of the idealist (who is but a realist with a longer vision). In a world where Balfour and Lodge *et al.* are invited to confer upon the limitation of armaments, after the exhibit which they and their kind made at Versailles, it must seem even to the heterodox a futile if gallant gesture to continue crying aloud in this wilderness of hate and fear and greed. Yet the fact that here and there in face of contumely and scorn an idealist such as Sir Philip Gibbs ventures to lift his voice, to tell the truth in all candor about the infamy that has been done and is accepted on all sides as natural, that in itself is heartening. The spirit within men is not dead. If ever another kind of life is to emerge from this sick world of old men, it can come only after a vast amount of hidden, preparatory effort of conversion; it will not come through protocols of conferences, or orations of statesmen. If humanity is ever to rule itself with a different sense of values than those which bred the Great War, it will be because millions of human beings, young and old, in all countries, have seen the truth and felt the conviction which Sir Philip Gibbs has here set forth, without rancor.

ROBERT HERRICK

The Foam of the Grape

Man's Descent from the Gods; or, The Complete Case Against Prohibition. By Anthony M. Ludovici. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.
The Eighteenth Amendment and the Part Played by Organized Medicine. By Charles Taber Stout. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.

MEN vary in suggestibility. They are highly suggestible along the lines of their interests and habits, but rather negatively suggestible along other lines. To be effective, therefore, an argument must be clear, temperate, and as free as possible from all rash statements and from the entanglements of extraneous material. There is room for such a statement of the case against Prohibition. Neither of the books now under consideration supply it, for each, in a different way and degree, mixes up with the main thesis a large amount of alien matter which will appear to the average reader impertinent and illogical.

Mr. Ludovici, an aristocrat and a disciple of Nietzsche, considers the nineteenth century as the true Dark Age of history, in which "not only did those most sacred institutions of man, Property, Leisure, and Power, become utterly discredited . . . but Thought itself . . . actually stooped so low as to include a Tennyson, a Carlyle, and a John Stuart Mill among her aspirants to laurels, and to brand with a fraudulent signature of 'progress' every kind of blackguardism and abuse." The main cause of this deplorable condition is Puritanism, and the last, worst work of the Puritan "defilers" is Prohibition.

But the progressives and Puritans had their predecessors in a remote antiquity, and the main purport of Mr. Ludovici's book is to show how these early blighters almost ruined the race until it was restored to a partial health and happiness by a renascence of wine and of sensuality. As a Spencerian and a Euhemerist, the author has discovered genuine history in the myths of Prometheus and of Dionysus. Prometheus the fire-stealer was, we are told, really the man who invented cooking, and this spoiled the digestions and tempers of humankind and brought down on the discoverer the condign wrath of a beneficent king named Zeus. The gastronomic balance was restored by Dionysus, the great benefactor and in fact the savior of the world, by the introduction of fermented liquors. Pursuing his researches still further, the author has identified the gods of Greece and the "sons of God" mentioned in Genesis 2:4 as the great prehistoric Cro-Magnon race. Among the fine properties of wine and beer Mr. Ludovici reckons high their aphrodisiac qualities, which insured a high birth-rate (but how about France?) until the Puritans, with their diabolical hatred of the senses, adulterated beer with hops, a powerful anaphrodisiac. These same Puritans have now driven alcohol off the stage in America, and threaten the same in other countries.

Mr. Ludovici has confided to "Who's Who" that he was educated chiefly by his mother. It is no slur on mothers to say that they are rarely able to give one a thorough training in the various sciences and languages necessary to a fruitful study of comparative philology, religion, and anthropology. The author, who speaks with lofty scorn of such authors as Sir J. G. Frazer and Gilbert Murray, really knows nothing of the subject on which he writes. He simply gives one more proof of the recent assertion of that great scholar L. R. Farnell that "much work in the field of mythology is untrained, eccentric, and absurd."

While Mr. Stout avoids the speculative rashness of Mr. Ludovici, he damages his case by alleging that the triumph of prohibition was due to a coalition of the soft-drink manufacturers, the American Medical Association, the life insurance companies, and Standard Oil. The American Medical Association entered the field with a resolution opposing the use of alcohol, introduced by Dr. Charles H. May in 1917. The resolution was carried because Prohibition "permits the members to make an enormous profit through their monopoly of prescribing alcohol for medical purposes." The selfish interests of the life insurance companies are also obvious, so it is asserted, in that they find a longer expectation of life among teetotalers than among drinkers, and hence deduce that the abstainers are better risks. Standard Oil entered the field through the various Rockefeller institutions, because it wanted a monopoly of petroleum laxatives which competed with alcoholic beverages.

If Mr. Stout had kept his book free of ugly charges which he cannot prove, much that he says in favor of moderate drinking, and in favor of allowing each man the liberty to choose for himself, would be worth reading. It is true that here also he asserts far more than he can prove, attributing everything he dislikes to decreased consumption of alcohol, whether that thing be the influenza or bolshevism.

PRESERVED SMITH

The Garland-McClintock Saga

A Daughter of the Middle Border. By Hamlin Garland. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

IN this admirable sequel to "A Son of the Middle Border" Hamlin Garland resumes the story originally interrupted at the year in which he decided to give up Boston and New York for Chicago as the scene of his literary activity, and brings it down to the present day with a full, delicate account of his activities and his personal and domestic relations. The continuation on its artistic side is the record of a disappointment curiously parallel to that which the Garland and McClintock families met on the old border: the son of those houses found that Chicago had held out elusive hopes and in time he turned back on the trail to an apartment in New York as his parents had turned back to the little homestead in Wisconsin. He was,

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it seems, hardly less a pioneer in his disposition than they had been. Feeling cramped in Chicago he sought out more and more distant regions—the Rockies, Europe, Alaska—and in each took up a claim on its local color with the avidity of his father acquiring land in Iowa or Dakota. Surely this tendency to be forever roving must have had something to do with Mr. Garland's disappointment in the city he had chosen; he seems hardly to have given it a fair chance though it had an eager, friendly group of artists and men of letters and though he there enjoyed the intimacy of the penetrating Henry B. Fuller. Nevertheless the present book is a precious document on the literary history of Chicago and none the less so because it illuminates the entire profession of literature in America during the Age of Roosevelt, when authors to be popular were almost forced to be strenuous travelers, collectors of spoils from many corners of the earth, energetic, patriotic, optimistic, however difficult they might therefore find it to give to quiet and reflection the hours always demanded by those indispensable aids to letters.

Strictly speaking, of course, "A Son of the Middle Border" and "A Daughter of the Middle Border" are not a literary history of either Chicago or of Hamlin Garland. They are a human history of two frontier families, studied first in their prosperous days and then in their days of decline, the whole seen through the temperament of a McClintock-Garland who loved both families but who had departed from their ways of life. Surely Hamlin Garland was one of the best sons in the annals of literature. Hardly any sacrifice was too great for him to make for the comfort of his parents. Only with the keenest pain does he seem to have been able to follow his art when it took him away, as art often must, from his father and mother. Which did he love best, his parents or his art? May art be served with any seriously divided love? Is it not typical of American art and one of the sources of its weakness that it is expected always to take a second place in the affections of its votaries? These are questions that come up with every page of the "Daughter," though Mr. Garland himself does not propose them. In this connection at least it may be agreed that he would have had to be a different man and he would have written a different book had he loved art more than his family. It is from his filial instincts that he derives his peculiar power. Once he rebelled against the frontier, in his passionate youth; and he became the chief literary voice of its rebellion. But as years have passed and he has come to feel the heroic aspects of that episode in American history he has come to pay larger and larger honors to the persons who took part in it. The honors he pays, however, are not those dubious ones of excessive praise and credit. His McClintocks and Garlands, much as he loves them, keep their human proportions and frailties. They are the most vivid pioneer families in American literature.

C. V. D.

Accusation

The Triumph of the Egg. A Book of Impressions from American Life in Tales and Poems. By Sherwood Anderson. In Clay by Tennessee Mitchell. B. W. Huebsch. $2.50.

THIS book of Sherwood Anderson's brings to a culmination that strain in our national literature which is commonly connected with the name of Spoon River. It is a book full of weariness, full of contempt and self-contempt, of a bitterness that has frothed its last and is now icy and stagnant. The writing is simple; it is almost flat. But the simplicity and flatness are deliberate like the toneless murmur of a man who has exhausted eloquence and passion and has found them of no avail. And in this bitterness and harsh simplicity there is a kind of greatness and impressiveness like the greatness and impressiveness of dry river-beds and sterile plains.

What will people do with this book? For it is a book of terrible accusation. You can quarrel with "Main Street," since the author himself is in a mood that is fresh and in reality hopeful and ready for debate. You cannot quarrel with the stoniness of despair. Here in America, Mr. Anderson says, life is of an immitigable ugliness and meanness. It produces none of the joyous or beautiful things that justify or alleviate the process. With dulness and misery so ground into the bone that it no longer knows itself for what it is, this life is bent on the mere perpetuation of its own ugliness and meanness. The mere, blank egg has triumphed. And the fundamental reason for this state of affairs Mr. Anderson finds in that repression and crippling of natural instinct which is so obvious a mark of our life and which he has expressed with so much bitter power in the unctuous rancor of Ma Westcott in the story called Out of Nowhere into Nothing. If anyone questions this interpretation of Mr. Anderson's mood and conviction he has but to look at the astonishing sculptural "impressions" by Mrs. Anderson which accompany his written words. Clay has, assuredly, never spoken a more withering language. And it is so withering because it is so overwhelmingly, so unanswerably true. You look at these masks and you shudder. Where have you seen these faces? Nowhere. Everywhere. You have seen almost no others. They sum up an age, an ethos, a civilization.

Well, one way of dealing with Mr. Anderson's book is the way of blank denial. You can say: "The chap who sells me cigarettes at a United Cigar Store or the plumber who comes to repair my drain is no Melville Stoner who feels that he has always missed life, that life always goes away from him. He is reasonably happy and contented and if he restrains his instincts it is only proper and decent that he should." Or you could adopt the tactics of Mr. Meredith Nicholson and say that Pa Wescott who, according to Mr. Anderson, "was without regret that life was becoming an old, worn thing for him," was a good husband and father and citizen and is beyond the reach of the slings and arrows of neurasthenic artists in that happy America where he and Sam Clark of Gopher Prairie dwell. And you could also say—it will be said without doubt—that Mr. Anderson is simply obsessed by sex, that Rosalind Wescott and Walter Sayers and Hugh Walker and the foreman who stared at the girl in the office and murdered his wife are freakish and exceptional and don't represent the great body of decent, satisfied, clean-living Americans who have a little money in the bank and vote the Republican ticket.

To dismiss these counter arguments wholly is unwise. Nothing is in the long run so impressive as the differences among people. The range of human sensibility is enormous. There are levels of insensibility that are literally unimaginable to Mr. Anderson and his kind. With entire equanimity people do live lives that could drive him to suicide or madness. But he need not let that trouble him nor can that consideration bring any legitimate comfort to Mr. Nicholson. Mankind is a caravan marching in triangular formation. Somewhere between the base and the apex of that triangle begins that sensibility from which arise the hungers for beauty, freedom, power, expressiveness, and the accompanying aches of repression, disillusion, quenched aspirations, and dreams and hopes. It is at this point that, in the deeper sense, humanity begins, and unhappiness and the hunger for eternity and art. And therefore to confront Mr. Anderson's accusation with mere dead, numerous, contrary facts is not, frankly granting those facts, to have confronted it with anything. The question remains: What will people do with this book?

"The Triumph of the Egg" is, despite its superficially broken and fragmentary appearance, an artistic whole. But among the parables and stories one may single out the deep, quiet beauty of The Man in the Brown Coat, the bitter, tragic significance of the murder episode in the allegory called Brothers, the biting truth—heightened by the deliberate monotony of literary execution—of The Door of the Trap, and the fulness and representative power of Out of Nowhere into Nothing. In these episodes and stories there are pages as memorable as have been written by any contemporary American.

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A Gallant of Lorraine

A Gallant of Lorraine: François Seigneur de Bassompierre. By H. Noel Williams. E. P. Dutton and Company. 2 vols. $10.

TO have destroyed six thousand love letters before one went to the Bastille would be alone sufficient to make one deserving of remembrance, but the Seigneur de Bassompierre has other claims to fame. Soldier, courtier, and diplomat as well as gallant par excellence, he seems to have been always brave enough to deserve the fair so prodigally bestowed upon him and deft enough not only to prevent mutual suspicion on the part of the various simultaneous recipients of his affections, but to conduct several diplomatic negotiations as well. A native of Lorraine, he entered the service of Henri Quatre as a soldier of fortune equally at home upon the battlefield or in the boudoir, and pursued a career of almost uninterrupted success.

He had the wisdom to step aside from before those who aspired to be prime favorite of Henri or of Louis XIII and, preferring the relative security of second or third place, he lasted longer than some who temporarily enjoyed greater favor. It is true that, upon Richelieu's insistence, he spent twelve of the years toward the end of his life in the Bastille, but this was a period of cloud hardly longer than any courtier might expect, and it did not dull the edge of his tact. "How old are you?" asked Louis when Bassompierre had been released. "Fifty, Sire." "Surely you must be older," exclaimed the King. "I deduct the twelve years passed in the Bastille, since they were not employed in the service of your Majesty."

In the Bastille he wrote the extensive memoirs which furnish the basis of Mr. Williams's biography. They are of sufficient importance to be cited by all historians of the period, but possibly because Bassompierre's manner of writing is less colorful than that of some of the other French memoirists, only that portion dealing with his embassy to England (undertaken in an effort to straighten out the domestic troubles of Charles I and Henrietta Maria) has been translated into English. Mr. Williams himself does not write with any particular charm, but it would be difficult for any pen to obscure the fascination of that brilliant and debauched court or the appeal of Henri's attractive scoundrelism. A modern might find life there painfully insecure, but security is largely a relative matter, and Bassompierre, accustomed to perpetual adventure and danger, would find almost any conceivable position in contemporary life unbearably tame and dull.

In most of the relations of life Bassompierre seems to have been more than usually faithful and kind, and beside some of the gallants of the English Restoration seems almost a model gentleman, but it is to be feared that his attitude toward the mysteries of love accords but ill with current conceptions of propriety. "I then," he writes, "fell in love with Antragues and was also in love with another handsome lady. I was in the flower of my youth, rather well made and very gay." Like his contemporaries he seems to have accepted literally the decree of Eleanor of Aquitaine concerning the incompatibility of love and marriage and he long escaped the holy state. When the mother of one of his high-born mistresses grew restive he placated her with a written promise of marriage and then when she attempted to employ it produced a letter of refusal which he had been careful to secure from the lady in question before giving the promise. Though similar secret-treaty diplomacy has in modern times made the fortune of more than one statesman it is generally considered dishonorable except when applied to public affairs. Bassompierre, indeed, was a master of the art of loving wisely rather than too well and seems in general to have loved love rather than any particular person. He was a disciple of Ovid rather than Dante. It is a pity that his story comes to no more edifying conclusion. No statute, so far as is recorded, came to lead this Don Juan to merited punishment and he died, full of years, upon a quiet bed.

J. W. KRUTCH

Books in Brief

NOTHING was more conspicuous about Louise Imogen Guiney's career than that for eight years she served her country in the post office of Auburndale, Massachusetts, and for a time labored in the Boston Public Library. She could not keep away from shrines of learning and she was drawn to Oxford as Henry James was drawn to London—irresistibly and permanently. Erudition was, in a sort, her technique: she knew the remotest nooks of literary history; she edited bright poets whose reputation had grown dim; she had a passion for punctuation and even understood that aristocrat of points the colon; she adorned her verse and prose alike with precious words dug up from recondite quarries. In verse apparently contemporary with the end of the nineteenth century, she was actually a truer cousin of the seventeenth; as she grew it became clear that she was Caroline at the core—"abstinent, concentrated, true." Alice Brown's graceful "Louise Imogen Guiney" (Macmillan: $1.50) exaggerates in crediting her with "the most authentic and exquisite verse America has yet produced"; it is nearer justice when it gives high praise to Miss Guiney's prose, which deserves a very large share of honor for its tapestried allusions and firm texture and golden pertness. T. W. Parsons called this shy New Englander "Hazlitt's child," but she lacked that father's sinewy movement, deriving, it might be said, leisure and whimsy from her uncle Charles Lamb. Poet and savant, pagan and good Catholic, tireless investigator and graceful dilettante, she cut her niche in a corner difficult to find and yet quaintly, perfectly secure.

HAROLD NICOLSON'S "Paul Verlaine" (Houghton Mifflin: $5) is a brilliantly satisfactory book. Mr. Nicolson, fearing that there was no call for a biography of Verlaine as Verlaine, relied on two incidental features in his essay to make it useful at this modern moment: an extended account of Arthur Rimbaud, that mad, important poet whom Verlaine pervertedly loved and all but murdered, and a comprehensive characterization of French poetry between the Parnassians and the Decadents. Both of these sections are illuminating, but so is the central portrait of "le pauvre Gaspard" himself, whose genius flowered with such accountable fragrance from the dunghill of his life. This weakest and homeliest black sheep of the Muses never has been so clear to readers of English; nor has the significance of his tremulous verse, velvet-soft yet revolutionary, been so manifest. Mr. Nicolson needs to be read by every student of the poetry of modern Europe.

Drama

Main Street and Beyond

THE American drama's contacts with reality are shy and rare. With a few notable exceptions they are established nowadays when the play derives from a narrative; the despised method of dramatizing a story is becoming our theater's securest hope. Last year that process was illustrated by "Miss Lulu Bett"; this year it is illustrated by "Main Street" (National Theater). Mr. Harvey O'Higgins and Miss Harriet Ford who made the play from the book are to be cordially praised, primarily for their abstentions. They made no attempt to inject into the familiar story any of those elements of the hectic and the boisterous which Broadway calls dramatic. They selected scenes of culmination, of course, but the action is merely the projection of spiritual crises, and the scene in the bedroom is a beautiful and tonic example of how pregnant with dramatic fire and force the simplest gestures of our daily life can be. It is not, on the other hand, the fault of the dramatizers if the entire angle of vision from which the fable is seen is shifted in the play. The novelist depends upon iteration,

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the dramatist upon a summing up. Sinclair Lewis shows us Will Kennicott in an hundred humdrum aspects and in one that touches the heroic. The play can show but one of each. Thus the balance of the characterization is wholly destroyed and Carol is made to seem far more unreasonably fastidious and querulous than, upon the most hostile view of her, she was. Aware of this change of emphasis Mr. O'Higgins and Miss Ford did all that was possible toward projecting the dreariness and rawness of Will Kennicott's town and friends. Their touch is both deft and unobtrusive. The trouble is that Mr. W. B. Clark, for instance, the excellent comedian who plays the part of Sam Clark, robs that gentleman of all terrors by the sheer comedy of his impersonation. What, if Will is primarily rather magnificent and the Gopher Prairieans primarily funny, becomes of the aching wretchedness, the pompous dulness, the real malevolence and stupidity with which both in the novel and in life the situation undoubtedly reeks? But these unhappy changes inhere, I am afraid, in the method of dramatization itself. Accepting the play frankly for what it is, it distinguishes itself most happily from the average dramatic venture. It is brimful of its own kind of reality; it is perfectly genuine; it offers the most intelligent entertainment. The production is faithful to both atmosphere and character, and McKay Morris, though a trifle lyrical at moments, identifies himself happily with the chief character.

Fragments of quite sound observation and speech intersperse the theatric claptrap of "The Six-Fifty" (Hudson Theater) by Kate McLaurin. A peasant tragedy is indicated. A stubborn, babbling old man sits by the fireside. He is as real and tangible as leather. Yet he symbolizes the stony monotony and blankness of the New Hampshire farm. A train wreck, however, brings the great world in a false, romantic, silly guise crashing into the situation which is thus in fact simply abandoned. This occurs with saddening frequency in our native plays. Memory and observation furnish the dramatist fable and atmosphere and a genuine first act is written. Thereafter the unfortunate man or woman recalls the babble of the theatric technicians and decides that this play, as originally conceived, will be "talky," "static," "no play at all." Hypnotized by this shallow jargon, our playwright flees from himself to the dreary old artifices of intrigue and surprise.

Leaving "The Six-Fifty" we leave reason and nature wholly and drift straight into the mere conventions of the theater. Mr. Booth Tarkington, though he wrote "Alice Adams," still found it in his bosom to write "The Wren" (Gaiety Theater), a bit of uncommonly false and sweetish drivel which promptly failed and was replaced at the same theater by "Golden Days," a play that would be tolerable if it were frankly announced as for adolescents of the obviously unawakened middle classes. Both of these works were written for the prim Elsie Dinsmorish talent of Miss Helen Hayes, and the inner contempt in which the drama is still often held among us is, of course, illustrated by the fact that the slightly more dishonest of the two is by Mr. Tarkington. To an equal contempt for the theater and its audiences must be attributed Mr. Avery Hopwood's "The Demi-Virgin" (Times Square Theater). Mr. Hopwood is a cultivated and nimble-witted man who, having made an enormous fortune in the theater, is evidently bent on seeing at what level of complete brainlessness the public will balk.

Meanwhile the pseudo-artistic producer goes for his goods to France. Not, be it observed, to the France of Montaigne or Molière or Gourmont, the great France of the incorruptible intelligence, but to the France of "Frenchy" articles, such as perfumes, millinery, and the theatric confections of Callaivet and Flers or Sacha Guitry. The success of "Deburau" invited a repetition of the experiment and Mr. Belasco duly stars Lionel Atwill in "The Grand Duke" (Lyceum Theater). The theme is the old one of the "kings in exile" brought up to the minute by the introduction of a Russian grand duke. Thus a romantic flavor is provided and the public persuaded to believe that the piece is about Feodor Michaelovitch. He, poor man, is however, only the providential character who pulls the wires of the puppets in an action partly imitated and poorly imitated from the "Bourgeois gentilhomme" and partly—in subject and technique—from the obscurer kind of old romantic play. New York does not observe this because even the critics who adore France so professionally do not know French literature. But precisely as Rostand derives from the nobler romantic drama of Hugo, so M. Guitry works in the tradition of those popular romantic plays which, by the use of historic trappings or exotic flavors, gave a new tang in, let us say, 1840, to the old stories of ambitious fathers and young lovers safely united in the end. Mr. Atwell gives a performance of extreme virtuosity brilliantly worked out to the minutest detail but quite without significance or human warmth. Lina Abarbanel adds a touch of vivid and ingratiating charm. But the artifice of the play admits of little mitigation and its elegance is without sap or soul.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

Mongolia Speaks to the World

THE new Revolutionary Government of Mongolia was instituted after the defeat of the bands of Baron Ungern by the Russian Soviet troops and the Mongolian revolutionaries. The old Government promptly issued an act of abdication, printed in the International Relations Section for October 26, and the new Government published a proclamation to the people announcing the liberation of Mongolia. This proclamation was a signal for the Mongols who had been drafted into Ungern's bands to desert the baron. As is known, the Mongols later captured Ungern himself and handed him over to the Soviet authorities. He was then tried in open court in Novo Nikolayevsk, where he pleaded guilty to the charges of being an agent in the pay of the Japanese Government and of committing innumerable inhuman atrocities. He was sentenced to death and shot.

In the Irkutsk magazine *Peoples of the Far East,* No. 3, we find the following details about the first steps of the new Mongolian Government.

The new Government immediately set out to organize the financial and economic apparatus of the country. As a basis for this apparatus cooperative groups are being organized all over the country. In Urga a number of Chinese, American, and Russo-Tartar commercial enterprises have been established, besides a military leather factory, a laboratory for anti-djuma serum, several workshops for military necessities, and a printing shop. Little by little the Government machinery is establishing contacts with the outlying districts. . . .

The Prime Minister, holding also the portfolio of Minister of Foreign Affairs of the People's Revolutionary Government of Mongolia, has issued the following declaration, published in the Moscow *Isvestya* for October 6:

The People's Government of Mongolia has authorized me to address the present declaration to the governments of all countries and to explain the objects which it pursues in its work of national liberation.

Since the conclusion of the triple Russo-China-Mongolian settlement in Kiaghta in 1916 when Outer Mongolia received the right of autonomous existence under the sovereignty of China, several years have elapsed during which the autonomous government of Outer Mongolia never violated the agreement and never permitted itself to engage in any actions intended to harm the sovereign rights of China. Notwithstanding all this China violated the treaty in 1918, when she brought a great number of troops into the territory of Mongolia, forced the Mongolian Government to sign an act composed by the Chinese Government abolishing the autonomy of Mongolia, and thus deprived the Mongolian people of its liberties. In 1920, when the Russian bandit Baron Ungern who fled from his own country invaded our northeastern boundaries, the Chinese civil and military authorities in Urga libeled the Mongols by alleging that they had invited this bandit. One after the other our state officials had been arrested, among them the religious chief of all the Northern Buddhists, Boghde-Ughen, and more than ten of the lamas. Some of those arrested have been subjected to cruel tortures, and others who have not been able to survive the tortures and the barbaric prison conditions have perished. In the second moon of 1921, when the Russian bandit Baron Ungern again led an offensive against Urga, the Chinese authorities showed no resistance to the adversary, but fled in disorder and in a disgraceful manner, thus demonstrating their utter inability to protect the territory of Mongolia. Moreover, the retreating Chinese army mercilessly plundered and annihilated on its way the peaceful Mongolian population, killing even women, aged men, and little children. After the occupation of Urga the Russian bandit Baron Ungern perpetrated general massacres of Mongols, Russians, Chinese, and citizens of other nationalities residing in Mongolia at that time, and their property was plundered. He tried to prove to the masses that he was aiming to restore the old rights and privileges of our Boghde-Ughen by reestablishing the latter on his throne, and he advertised himself as the liberator of Mongolia. In reality he usurped the power and indulged in plunder and violence on our territory.

Having no desire to bear the yoke of usurpers and bandits the Mongolian people from all ends of the Mongolian earth arose in arms against the oppressor, and joined in the ranks of the Mongolian People's Revolutionary Army, which had been organized by the best representatives of the nation and which had received the assistance of the Government of Soviet Russia in this cause. In cooperation with the latter we at last succeeded in liberating almost all of our territory from the bands of Ungern. We captured our capital where at present complete order is restored. The same order and law, guaranteeing the security both of the native peaceful population and of the foreigners residing within the borders of Mongolia is being restored in the provinces. The country is ruled by the People's Government, which has been accepted by the country. The Government has made it its aim to free the people from foreign oppression and from those hardships which we had to bear before. The People's Government, resting upon the broad basis of the national movement for the liberation of Mongolia, granted the people their civil rights and secured for them the full opportunity to enjoy these liberties.

Besides, I am authorized to declare in the name of the Revolutionary Government of Mongolia that the persons who had posed as the agents of the Chinese Government and who had been directed by the notorious Anfuist "Little Su," are regarded by us as a band of irresponsible, ambitious, and greedy adventurers for whose conduct the Chinese Government cannot be made responsible.

In view of this the People's Government of Mongolia cherishes no unfriendly feelings to the Middle State and contemplates no hostile acts whatever against the latter on condition of complete non-intervention on the part of China in the internal affairs of Mongolia in general and non-interference with the exercise of the principles of national independence and the democratic system of government proclaimed by the People's Government in particular. Firmly convinced that it is an urgent necessity for China and Mongolia to take steps toward the speediest restoration of diplomatic and commercial relations, the People's Government is certain that this question will be solved in a manner favorable to Mongolia and for the welfare and peace of both nations.

In the question of establishing commercial relations with other nations the People's Government of Mongolia will adhere to the policy of the open door and equal treatment of all, based on the precise meaning of the treaties which it is striving to conclude with other nations. In conclusion I consider it my duty to communicate that the Government of the Russian Soviet Republic has informed the People's Government of Mongolia of its readiness to resign all the special commercial rights and privileges granted by the commercial treaties concluded between the old Imperial Government and the autonomous Government of Mongolia. The People's Government of Mongolia trusts that the other nations of the world will demonstrate the same feelings of justice and humanity toward the Mongolian people and that they will respect the integrity of its territory and its national independence.

Chairman of the Council of Ministers and Minister for Foreign Affairs of Mongolian People's Government,

BODO

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The Japanese in Northern Sakhalin

ACCORDING to the *Shanghayskaya Zhisn,* a Russian newspaper published in Shanghai, the Japanese in their negotiations with the Far Eastern Republic expressed their willingness to evacuate Siberia on condition that the Far Eastern Republic guaranteed to stop every sort of communist propaganda and pledged itself not to incite the Koreans and Chinese against Japan. But Japan has definitely refused to evacuate Northern Sakhalin as long as it serves as a military base. That the real object of the Japanese is to get permanent possession of the Russian part of the island is revealed in a review of the Japanese rule in Northern Sakhalin published in the Paris Russian newspaper *Possneya Novosti* (edited by Miliukov) of October 1, 1921.

This paper states that in April, 1920, when the Japanese landed a detachment of troops in Sakhalin "for the protection of the interests of Japanese citizens," they declared that the troops would remain there only "until a firm government is established in the Far East." But it was not long before it became apparent that the real intention of the Japanese was to get complete control of the island. In the first place Japanese troops occupied every settlement in Northern Sakhalin. Then the authorities of occupation started to build a narrow-gauge line between Alexandrovsk and Rykovskoye. For this purpose 15,000 workers were brought from Japan. They introduced Japanese laws and penetrated all the government organs. In the organs of local self-government they left only those elements which showed themselves friendly to Japanese intervention. During the first period of occupation the Japanese tried to treat the local population "decently."

They still feared for the stability of their rule and were apprehensive lest information about disorder on the island should get abroad. But as soon as the position of the interventionists became stronger they started to exert a systematic and unscrupulous pressure upon the native population with the object of forcing it out of the island and replacing it with Japanese immigrants.

The Japanese seized all existing mines and opened new ones which are exploited chiefly by the large Mitzu-Bishi concern. They also took into their hands the timber industry and the whole fishing business went over to Japanese settlers. As a matter of policy the Japanese Government is refraining from buying anything from the Russian population. All goods, even hay, are imported from Japan, sometimes at greater expense. Every method is resorted to to create unemployment among the native inhabitants of the island, to impoverish them, and force them out. Simultaneously an intensive colonization of the island is carried on by Japanese settlers. The native population is powerless against the Japanese who are trying to deprive it of every source of income. The natives are forced to leave their homes, and the Japanese get the opportunity to obtain the deserted properties practically for nothing.

The population of the island is absolutely cut off from the world at large. The Japanese maintain a strict censorship of all correspondence and letters. Not a single Russian newspaper reaches Sakhalin. The one Russian newspaper which is published in Alexandrovsk is subsidized by the Japanese.

The population is generally hostile to the new occupants of the island, but it is too depressed to attempt anything against the Japanese.

The Soviet Governments Face Poland

THE governments of the Russian and Ukrainian Soviet Republics have recently repeatedly complained to the Polish Government of the activities of the Polish military party aiding the different bands of Russian counter revolutionists in their assaults on the border population of the Soviet republics. The last month has seen a revival of the activities of the bands of the Ukrainian General Petlura on the Polish-Ukrainian frontier. All these activities are ascribed by the Soviet authorities to the intrigues of the Polish General Staff which, for one reason or another, appears anxious to provoke a new war between Russia and Poland. One phase of this intrigue is revealed in the note handed to Polish Vice-Minister Dombsky on October 12 by the Russian representative in Warsaw, Mr. Karakhan, and published in the Moscow *Izvestya* of October 14. The note follows:

During the last weeks an unknown person, who later turned out to be the agent of the second division of the Polish General Staff, Colonel Lesnobrodsky, has called at the Russian Embassy several times and proposed to deliver to the representative of the Russian Government secret documents of the Polish General Staff. In the Russian Embassy he invariably met with refusal. Nevertheless Colonel Lesnobrodsky appeared at the Russian Embassy late in the evening on October 10 and produced various documents and a whole secret case dealing with Polish espionage in Germany with numerous seals, signatures, stamps of the second division, a map and photographs, supposedly of Polish spies in Germany, and offered to sell all these documents for the price of 500,000 marks. As soon as I was notified of this I rang up Vice-Minister Dombsky and asked him to send to the Embassy an official of the Foreign Office together with representatives of other departments to make an investigation and arrest Colonel Lesnobrodsky. On account of the late hour Mr. Dombsky was, unfortunately, unable to dispatch to the Embassy an official of the Foreign Office. The only persons sent to the Embassy were representatives of the general and secret police who arrested Colonel Lesnobrodsky but refused to question him. The absence of the first testimony of Lesnobrodsky in the Embassy is an essential hindrance to the normal investigation, and is likely to impede the further progress of the case. While awaiting the arrival of the representatives of the Polish authorities, Colonel Lesnobrodsky confessed that, as agent of the second division, he had been instructed by his immediate superior, Major Keshkovsky, to get into the confidence of the Embassy with provocative purposes, and that the documents submitted by him are forgeries prepared in the second division and handed to him by Major Keshkovsky for the purpose of selling it to the Russian Embassy.

While the Russian and Polish governments are trying, by way of negotiations, to remove every misunderstanding between the two countries, and after they had recently arrived at an agreement on all disputed questions, the Polish General Staff is exerting all its efforts in an attempt to complicate and spoil the relations between Russia and Poland by some criminal provocation.

During the last weeks the Russian Embassy has been repeatedly visited by suspicious persons with certificates of the second division of the Polish General Staff signed by Major Keshkovsky, who proposed to furnish us with various documents. Every time these visits have been quickly terminated by our insistence that the guests immediately leave the Embassy.

At the time when the Russian Government published the documents which affirmed the criminal activities of the second division of the Polish General Staff in connection with the People's Union for the Defense of the Fatherland and Freedom headed by Savinkov, Odintzov, and others, the accused persons sought

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their defense behind the cover of a feuilleton printed in all newspapers above the signature of Maslovsky. In order to justify and intensify this method of defense, the second division put in operation a plan of real provocation which, if successful, would serve as a justification and defense against the accusations made against the Polish General Staff by the Russian Government.

The incident with Colonel Lesnobrodsky is proof that well-outlined provocative activity against the Russian Embassy is being directed by the Polish General Staff.

Inclosing (1) a copy of the record made in the Russian Embassy on October 10, (2) certificate of Colonel Lesnobrodsky No. 3825 issued by the second division of the Polish General Staff with the signature of Major Keshkovsky, (3) all documents submitted to the Russian Embassy for sale by the same Colonel Lesnobrodsky acting under the orders of the second division of the same staff, I have the honor to ask of you, Mr. Minister, to take the steps which you may deem necessary to terminate the provocative activity of the second division of the Polish General Staff, which has made it its purpose to compromise the relations between Russia and Poland.

(Signed) KARAKHAN

The Commissar for Foreign Affairs of the Ukrainian Soviet Republic, Christian Rakovsky, in a note to the Polish Government, dated September 28, calls attention to the fact that Poland is continually violating the fifth article of the Peace Treaty of Riga, by tolerating within its territory and assisting organizations set up with the purpose of waging an active struggle against the Ukrainian Soviet Republic.

The Ukrainian Government is in possession of a wealth of original as well as investigated material showing that the organization which calls itself "the Government of the Ukrainian People's Republic" is still existing on the territory of Poland. This organization is issuing passports to Ukrainian citizens, it carries on an official correspondence with the Polish Government, and maintains embassies abroad. It also maintains a so-called Insurgents' General Staff, with Petlura and Tutiuniuk at its head, directing the activities of the bands which are sent into the territory of the Ukraine. The so-called Second Residence of this staff is attached to the second division of the staff of the Sixth Polish army at Lvov. . . . Petlura's staff has its agents in the Polish control stations with the purpose of assisting underground agents and bands through the border into the Ukraine. According to the testimony of the member of the Central Committee of the Insurgents in the Ukraine Nakonechny, Petlura's insurgents' staff receives financial assistance from the Polish Government. The Polish authorities are also supplying clothes and munitions for the bands. . . .

According to materials on hand a conference was held in Warsaw on July 17, 1921, which was attended by a representative of the military bureau of Chief of the Polish State. This conference worked out a plan for an uprising in the Ukraine providing for an increased destructive activity on the part of the bandits. The Ukraine was divided into five groups with twenty-two districts. The interned armies of Petlura and Savinkov were to move nearer to the border and concentrate in the vicinity of Rovno and Tarnopol. Tutiuniuk himself was assigned to organize the bandit movement in the district of Cherkassy. For the purpose of carrying out the program of the conference the Polish authorities pledged themselves to furnish arms, munitions, and clothes for 25,000 men. . . .

As a part of the program the bands of Petlura and Savinkov are committing terroristic acts on the territory of the Ukraine, murdering Soviet officials, setting fire to Soviet agricultural enterprises and grain elevators, destroying railway lines, and robbing peaceful workers and peasants. One example of this malicious activity is the derailing of a grain train of the Donetz workers in the vicinity of Fastov. . . .

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Straining the Quality of Mercy

THE *Temps* (Paris) for October 9 gives a full summary of the resolutions regarding international aid to Soviet Russia adopted at the Brussels Conference to which the Assembly of the League of Nations referred the matter after declining Fridtjof Nansen's appeal to give immediate aid. The resolutions, presented by M. Delacroix of Belgium, were adopted after a debate in which M. Noulens of France particularly insisted upon the necessity of recognition of the Czar's debts, the British delegate agreeing, and only the German and Italian representatives dissenting, according to the *Temps* of October 10.

1. Whatever may be achieved by the Red Cross and the American Relief Administration and the Geneva Committee, the ravages of the famine from which Russia is suffering are so severe that the Conference, repeating the decisions of the Paris Conference, considers it indispensable that the governments proclaim it necessary that material and financial assistance be given by the governments to second the charitable work of private organizations, and that substantial guaranties be given especially as regards equitable distribution of the supplies. Each Red Cross organization should be permitted to send supervisory delegates.

2. In order to coordinate the efforts of private organizations the total charitable resources of the entire world must be ascertained. The governments will inquire into the resources at the disposal of the relief committees, and report on November 1.

3. The Russian children should be saved under appropriate conditions in harmony with the policy hitherto pursued.

4. The Conference considers that systematic aid, including feeding, has as its purpose not merely palliation but suppression of the causes of the famine. Hence preliminary studies of the means, remedies, and general conditions of the economic reorganization of Russia and the resumption of normal relations are indispensable.

5. A technical commission mandated by the Conference should be sent to Russia to make a complete report. The Conference cannot ask credits of the governments until it has such a report in hand.

6. Whatever may be the extent of the famine no economic solution which depends upon governmental action can be undertaken until normal conditions of economic life have been reestablished in Russia, or until the worker can produce freely and freely enjoy the fruit of his labor or until the necessary confidence in export commerce has been restored.

7. Confidence cannot be created except by the maintenance and recognition of obligations hitherto not recognized and of the advances which shall be made by the governments or by private organisms.

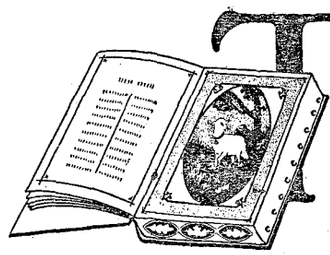
8. The governments will not grant credits except upon the following conditions: (a) That the Soviets recognize the pre-war debts and the other obligations which result from the established regime; (b) that the conditions guaranteeing the opening of credits shall be just and normal; (c) that the credits granted shall not be utilized except in accordance with the suggestions of the technical commission and for the essential food products.

Finally, the Conference declares that it has no political motive, that economic considerations are of vital importance, and that it believes that the measures suggested are the only possible way to combat and stave off famine and to avoid a repetition of such a catastrophe.

How to Save Russia

The report of the special Russian Commission appointed by the Near East Relief.

In a coming issue of the International Relations Section



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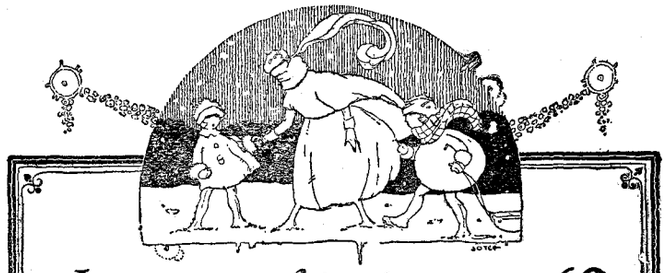

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